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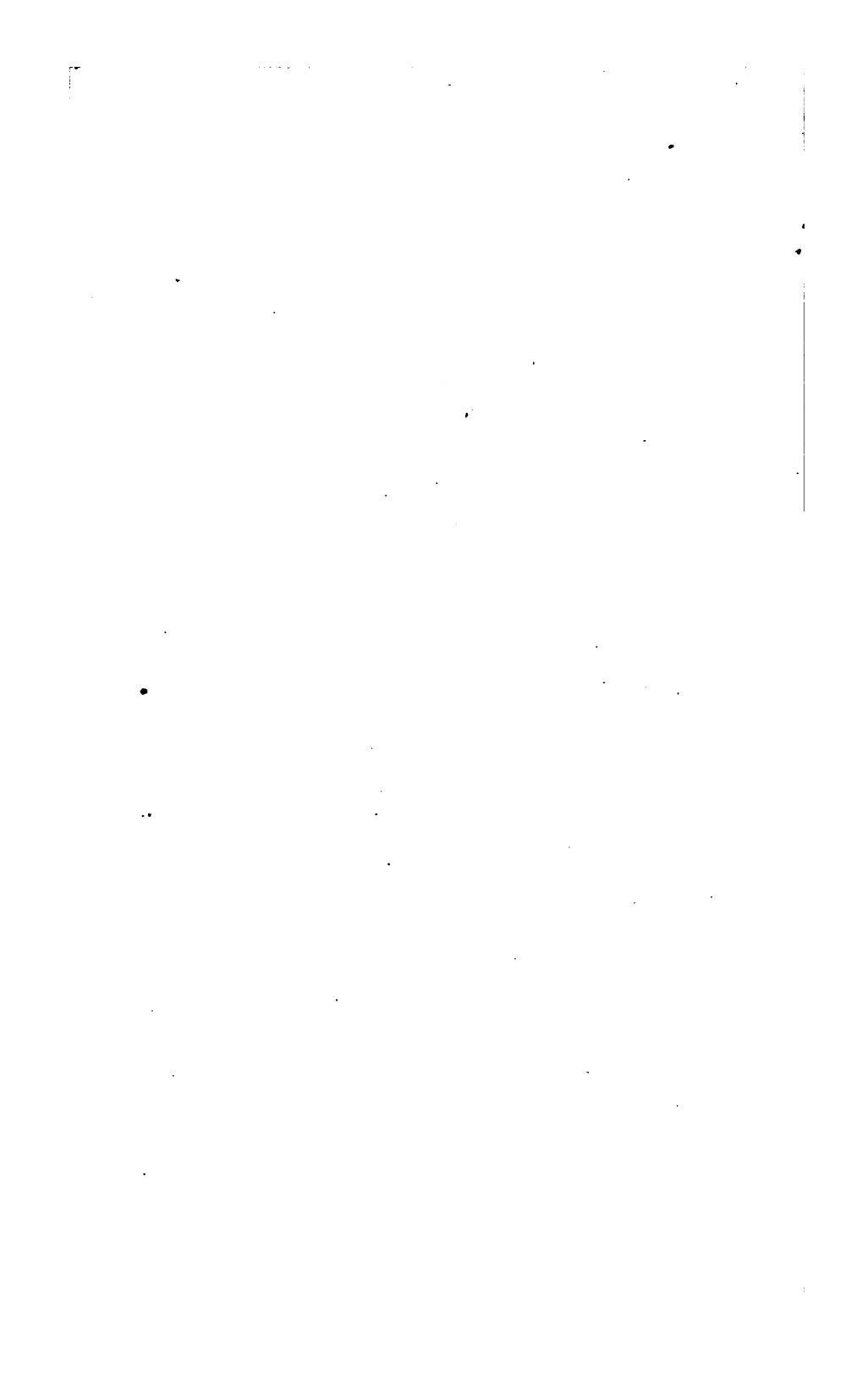
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CHARLES TYRRELL,


G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

"RICHELIEU;" "GIPSEY;" "ROBBER;" "DESULTORY MAN;"
"PHILIP AUGUSTUS," &c.



IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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thought he heard some one speaking, and raising his eyes saw, through the boles of the trees, at some distance before him, one or two figures, he could not well distinguish which, coming rapidly along as if towards him. They were hidden in a moment by the other trees, and Charles advancing more rapidly, with some degree of curiosity, — excited, why, or by what he could not tell,—plainly distinguished the voice of Lucy Effingham, before he had proceeded twenty yards farther, saying in a loud and angry tone, “I insist upon your leaving me directly, sir. I am not now unprotected, and depend upon it you shall have cause to regret such conduct.”

Charles quickened his pace; his heart beat high, and the next moment Lucy stood before him at the distance of about twenty yards. She was followed close by a very handsome young man, dressed in the garb of a sailor, and the moment that she beheld Charles Tyrrell, she darted forward like lightning, with a cry of delight and clung to his arm. Charles

gently withdrew it from her, saying "Wait one moment—don't be alarmed;" and, leaning against a tree for support, she saw him advance to the person who had been following her, speak a few words to him in an under voice, and then at one blow knock him headlong down upon the ground. She now screamed violently in order to bring assistance, but Charles suffered the other to rise, and the next moment, without any thing farther taking place, except some low spoken words, which she did not hear, they separated.

Charles Tyrrell then immediately came up to her, and though his face was a good deal flushed, and his eyes still flashing, he applied himself gently and tenderly to soothe her. When she was a little calmed he said, "How can I apologize to you, Miss Effingham, for the manner in which I have been obliged to treat a person in your presence, who, perhaps, may at one time have been dear to you?"

"To me, Mr. Tyrrell!" exclaimed Lucy,

with unfeigned astonishment in every feature.

"To me! Good God, what could make you dream of such a thing? I hate and abhor him, and have always done so."

"He told me his name was Hargrave!" exclaimed Charles in equal surprise.

"So it is," replied Lucy, alternately blushing and turning pale merely with agitation.

"If you have heard any thing of him, as I suppose you have, it can but be that he has persecuted me in a most unmanly manner—insulted my poor father not long before his death, and deprived me of the power of going out of our house in Northumberland, without distress and annoyance."

She spoke eagerly, and Charles Tyrrell could not doubt that she spoke sincerely, for bright candour and frankness were in every line of her countenance, and her heightened colour and her beaming eye seemed to say that she looked upon the very thought of loving such a man as injurious to her. To Charles her words, her look, her manner, were all a relief.

It seemed as if a load were taken from his heart, and he had by no means such command over his countenance as not to look the joy he felt, or over his conduct as not to express the hope to which her words gave rise.

"Oh, Miss Effingham," he said, "you do not know, you cannot conceive, you can form not even an idea, of the joy, the satisfaction that your words afford me."

The change of his manner and of his countenance, the sparkling hope that lit up his look could hardly be mistaken, even though Lucy was a novice in such things. If she had been agitated by a mixture of fear and annoyance before, new emotions now took possession of her. She looked no more up in the face of Charles Tyrrell,—she dropped her eyes towards the ground. The colour became still more heightened in her cheek, and spread over her whole face, and Charles felt the hand, that he had taken to draw her arm within his own, trembling with agitation in his grasp.

All he saw, however, gave him hope as well as all that he had heard.

"Oh, Lucy," he said, "I have been deeply mistaken. I have bitterly, and painfully deceived myself during the last month. It has been reported, and the report reached my ears, that you were attached to this man, to this Lieutenant Hargrave."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Lucy; "who could spread such a report? Surely he could not have the wickedness to say such a thing himself when he knew how I contemned and reprobated him,—when he knew that his return had made me break off my acquaintance with his sister. But now I think of it, it was more likely his sister herself, who, I remember, in her wild and thoughtless way, declared one day before some other people that I was in love with her brother, because I praised, without knowing them to be his, some drawings that all the rest were condemning. But, could you—could you suppose that I could love such a man?"

The emphasis that she laid upon the word you, was almost a sufficient answer to any thing that Charles Tyrrell could desire to ask.

"I was foolish enough to believe it, Lucy," he said: "not that I believed such attachment would continue; but I thought that for the time at least it might be so. But, indeed, I have done many more foolish things than that," he continued, gaining confidence as he saw Lucy's eye sinking under his while her hand remained unwithdrawn within his own,— "such things that I fear you will hardly forgive, Miss Effingham."

"Indeed!" she said, looking up apparently with some alarm: "I hope, Mr. Tyrrell, you have not given any countenance and authority to such a tale."

"No, oh no!" replied Charles. "It has never passed my lips, of course. But although I was foolish enough to give credit to it myself, I was still more foolish, and dared in the face of that belief to love where

I had so little chance of being beloved in return. Was not that unpardonable, Lucy? If you can forgive the other, can you forgive this also?"

For a moment Lucy made no reply. Her lips moved, indeed, but they uttered no sound. Her eyes continued fixed upon the ground. Her hand continued in his, and the only thing that varied was the colour in her cheek, which changed every moment. At length Charles Tyrrell saw two or three tears steal from her eyes, and roll over her cheek.

"Lucy," he said in a sad tone, "dear Lucy, you are unhappy; but if I—"

But she stopped him at once, looking up frankly in his face, and saying, "Oh, no; you are mistaken, Charles, I am very happy," and the moment she had said it, agitation overcame every thing else, she burst into a long flood of tears; but they were tears not to be mistaken, and Charles Tyrrell pressed her to his bosom with the hope, and the trust, and the full confidence of being loved, and loved alone.

Perhaps it is scarcely fair to enter so much into people's secrets, and to repeat so much of private conversation, which was certainly only intended for themselves. There was much to be spoken of between Lucy Effingham and Charles Tyrrell, and they gave up fully as much time as Charles had any business to spend in absence from the house, in the enjoyment of those first dear overflowings of mutual affection which form certainly the sweetest of all the fountains that we meet with in our long journey across the desert of life.

They had not, indeed, time to dwell upon all the more important points of their situation, and therefore they contented themselves with dwelling upon the minor points. Lucy had to explain how she happened to be coming up through the park to sit a while with Lady Tyrrell, and console her for her son's departure, when she was overtaken in the wood by Arthur Hargrave, who had evidently been watching for her; and Charles, on his part, had to tell the cause of his journey's delay,

and the message he had been charged to deliver to her mother.

Then Lucy, with no very great knowledge of the world, or worldly things, expressed a hope which, under her situation at the moment, seemed strange, that Charles would set out for Oxford without fail on the following morning ; and on pressing her on the subject he found that this sudden desire for his absence proceeded from a fear that he should meet with Arthur Hargrave again, and that their quarrel should go to still greater lengths. She knew, indeed, that in point of mere strength Charles Tyrrell was so far superior to his antagonist, as had been that day proved, that the other was not likely to provoke him in a similar manner ; but she feared more serious consequences still, and did not possess a sufficient knowledge of such transactions to show her that the distance of a hundred miles or more would make no difference in regard to the results she apprehended.

Although Charles found it more difficult

than he had imagined to quiet Lucy's apprehensions, yet he succeeded eventually in doing so, binding himself by promise to return to the University as soon as his father would permit him, and the question then became, whether he should go on to the manor-house, protecting Lucy by the way from all chance of farther annoyance, or she should return with him to Harbury Park. The former plan was adopted, and it were vain to say that they were not somewhat long on their way to the manor. The half hour, however, they thus spent was as sweet to the heart of Charles Tyrrell as it could be; for it gave him every assurance that man could receive from woman of the whole affection of Lucy Effingham being his.

As they were just issuing out of the park and entering the grounds of the manor-house, however, Lucy paused for a moment and said: "Of course I must tell my mother."

Charles himself could have wished for a little delay, being well aware, from what he had seen

of Mrs. Effingham, that she would hold herself bound in honour immediately to make known the facts to Sir Francis and Lady Tyrrell. But, although the idea suggested itself of requesting Lucy not to mention the explanation which had taken place between them for a day or two, he could not make up his mind to ask one, from whom he trusted himself to meet unbounded confidence, to show any want of confidence to such a mother as hers.

"I will go in with you, Lucy," he said at length, "and tell your mother all that I feel upon the occasion. We run great risks by being frank and open in this business: I will not conceal from you, Lucy, that we shall most likely bring upon ourselves grief and anxiety for some time by such conduct; but neither will I ask you on any account to act otherwise. We must bear what we cannot prevent, and if Lucy loves me as I love her, we shall be happy in the end."

He did, accordingly, go into the manor-house, and was shown into the room where Mrs. Effing-

ham was, while Lucy, seized with a sudden fit of timidity, even towards her own mother, took refuge in her chamber.

Mrs. Effingham was not a little surprised to see Charles Tyrrell, whom she imagined far on his way to Oxford; but he scarcely gave her time to express that surprise, telling her, first, the cause of his father's not coming, and then entering rapidly upon all that had occurred between him and Lucy, and upon the subject of their mutual love for each other. He told her how he had been tempted to ask Lucy not to mention the matter for some days. He assured her of his perfect certainty that Sir Francis Tyrrell, if suffered to pursue his own course, would propose a marriage between them very soon. But he assured her also, that if his father were made acquainted with the fact of his having himself proposed to Lucy, even in a moment of such excitement as that in which he did first tell her of his affection, Sir Francis would throw obstacles in the way which might bring misery, distress, and disappointment upon them.

He spoke rapidly and eagerly, refusing to sit down, and leaning upon the table before Mrs. Effingham ; while she on her part was agitated by various different feelings at the different parts of his hurried details. Anger, indignation, and apprehension, were the first feelings she experienced on hearing of the appearance of Arthur Hargrave. A slight degree of surprise appeared upon her fine countenance when she heard how willingly Lucy had received the addresses of Charles Tyrrell.

“ I have been deceived in this matter myself, my dear young gentleman,” she said : “ Lucy is perfectly incapable of the slightest approach to falsehood or concealment of any kind, and though I informed Lady Tyrrell, and gave her leave to inform you of what I suspected to be the case in this matter, yet I told her that I had never asked Lucy herself, because I thought it unfair to press her upon the matter when her father and myself were quite decided in our determination. I took my impression, too, of Lucy’s feelings from the positive assurance of a

person, whose opinion I ought to have doubted, and who, doubtless, received hers from the sister of this young man."

As Charles went on, however, to tell all that had occurred, a slight smile, in which pleasure had its share, hung upon Mrs. Effingham's lip at finding how entirely her daughter and Charles Tyrrell relied upon her consent being given to their union. They never indeed entertained a doubt upon the subject, and the confidence of affection was well calculated to give the mother pleasure.

When the young gentleman, however, came to speak upon the character and probable conduct of his father, Mrs. Effingham found matter for more serious thoughts. She was deeply gratified with the perfect candour and openness of Charles's behaviour; but it placed her in a somewhat difficult situation, from which she saw no relief but in his immediately returning to Oxford; and after he had ceased speaking, she remained for a minute or two in deep thought before she replied. The answer even then was

elicited by his saying: "Well, dear Mrs. Effingham, I must now return, as I have been absent twice as long as I ought to have been; but I was resolved to tell you at once all that I thought upon the subject, and leave you to act as you think fit."

"No, Charles," she said; "we must act together. I am fully sensible of your candour, and deeply grateful for your confidence, and you shall find me willing to acknowledge it by actions as well as words, for I will suffer no punctilios, no feelings of pride whatsoever, now or at any future period, to stand in the way of your happiness, if it is to consist in your union with Lucy. I think, however, that you are somewhat inclined to do your father injustice. I know that his temper is extraordinary, and his violence, as we have ourselves seen, two or three times, quite unreasonableness. But, still, I do not think that he would act merely for the perverse pleasure of contradicting your wishes."

Charles shook his head with a melancholy

smile. "You do not know him, my dear madam," he said. "It is my firm conviction that if nothing is said to my father about this business, he himself will propose a marriage between me and Lucy, which I know he desires ; but that if he be told that I love her now, he will throw a thousand obstacles in the way of our union, if he do not oppose it altogether."

"This is very singular," said Mrs. Effingham ; but at the same time she knew that it was in some degree true, and after thinking for a few moments, she replied, "Well, Charles, the only thing that I can do is this. I have certainly no right to interfere between you and your father. You must communicate to him your views and wishes when you think fit ; but I cannot, of course, suffer any communication between you and Lucy to go on after what has taken place, till you have made such a communication to your father. I must not even have you write to each other ; and if you go to Oxford immediately, and judge it best to delay the communication till your return, I can

say nothing against it. In the mean time, however, it will be absolutely necessary for me to state the facts to Lady Tyrrell, and you must not suffer yourself to be tempted by any circumstance to hold any communication with Lucy till your father is fully informed. Listen to me, Charles," she continued, seeing him about to reply : " to make your mind easy, and to repay the confidence you have placed in me, I will say that if, when your father is informed of your attachment, he refuses to sanction it, solely from caprice or ill humour, and assigns no reasonable or legitimate cause for so doing, I will not oppose your union with Lucy Effingham as soon as you are both of age."

" Nor shut me out from her society, Mrs. Effingham?" said Charles.

" Not when you are of age to judge for yourself," replied Mrs. Effingham, " provided always the motives assigned by your father are capricious and unreasonable. We speak frankly to each other, Charles, and I know that you

are not one either to encroach or to misunderstand me."

"Oh, no, no, indeed," he answered; "a thousand thanks, dear Mrs. Effingham. If possible, I will certainly set off for Oxford to-morrow, and in the mean time I trust Lucy will not forget me."

"Her heart would not be worth having if she did," replied Mrs. Effingham. "But there is one thing I want myself to speak to you upon. You are not without your father's defects, Charles. You are impetuous, passionate, violent, to a great degree. I have a right to tell you this, Charles, now that my daughter's happiness is likely to be placed in your keeping."

"Oh, but dear madam, I could never be violent or passionate towards such a creature as Lucy," replied Charles Tyrrell.

"All men think so when they first love," replied Mrs. Effingham. "They look upon love as one of those famous specifics which we see daily advertised, and think that it will cure all

moral maladies ; but a short trial shows them the reverse. Even supposing that it be as you say, Charles, still Lucy's happiness may be greatly affected by your violence towards others. If she love as she will love, her existence will become one with her husband's. Every act of his that lessens his dignity, sinks him in the esteem of others, brings him in danger, or calls upon him reproach, will be painful, agonizing, fearful to her."

Charles took Mrs. Effingham's hand and pressed his lips upon it. "You give me," he said, "a new, a strong, an overpowering motive for gaining self-command, and depend upon it, Mrs. Effingham, I will struggle vigorously ; but even now you must not suppose that I do not put a great restraint upon myself."

"I know you do," replied Mrs. Effingham ; "I have seen it in a thousand instances, and therefore it is that I place so much confidence in you, Charles. You see the evil of a violent and passionate disposition, and strive against it.

Your father neither sees nor knows it. I am not sure that he is not proud of being ill-tempered; for many men, I believe, think that energy of mind must be combined with violence of passion. But still I cannot help thinking, Charles, that you gave way more than necessary to-day, in acting towards this young man, this Arthur Hargrave, as I gather that you have done. To protect Lucy was right and just, even if you had not been her lover; but you might have done so, it seems to me, without knocking him down, risking, thereby, evil consequences to yourself, which I hope are not likely to take place."

Charles smiled. "Perhaps, if I had not taken him for the favoured lover," he said, "I might have treated him more gently. But there is no reason to be apprehensive of any farther consequences: all that can be said is, that I found a strange man, dressed as a sailor, in my father's park, and insulting my father's ward, and that I knocked him down accordingly; so there is nothing likely to ensue."

"I think not, either," replied Mrs. Effingham; "for it is an impression upon my mind, that a man who insults or persecutes a woman, will sooner or later prove himself a coward in his dealings with man; so now, good b'ye!"

CHAPTER X.

CHARLES TYRRELL made the best of his way back towards the park, by a different line from that which he had taken in coming; for the path which he had followed, though the nearest of the manifold paths, and much nearer than the high road itself, was about twice the length which it might have been rendered if the makers thereof had chosen to take a straight line. He accordingly cut across the grounds of the manor-house, towards the paling which separated them from the park, vaulted over the fence, and taking his way through the midst of the trees and even the underwood, gained a compensating five or ten minutes for the half hour more than needful, which had been 'given to Lucy and Mrs. Effingham.

When he entered the library of Sir Francis, he found that worthy gentleman in his element, the two friendly justices having arrived, to one of whom he was laying down the law upon various matters of county jurisprudence, while the other was *undergoing* Mr. Driesen, for we know of no other way to express ourselves, seeing that that gentleman was operating upon him with the calm cruelty of a surgeon in large practice, or a professed torturer of the Inquisition, making use of a passage from Aristophanes as the rack, and enjoying the writhings of his victim, when he insisted upon his giving his view of a long quotation, of which he neither understood, nor could remember one single word. The unhappy man, it seems, had acquired a certain degree of reputation for learning in the county, by occasionally misquoting to his brother justices some of the Latin headings to the papers in the Rambler and Spectator; and Mr. Driesen, it would seem, had determined from the first to do justice upon him as soon as he

could meet with him. He had consequently dragged him close up to Sir Francis and the other justice, and endeavoured, as far as possible, to call them from Sir Francis's discussion upon the law, to witness his infliction upon the worthy personage he was persecuting.

No sooner did Charles appear than the poor man darted towards him for refuge, leaving Mr. Driesen grinning at him with triumph and contempt; but Sir Francis had also his word to say to his son, and immediately remarked,

"Why, Charles, I should have supposed those enormous long legs of yours might have carried you to the manor-house and back somewhat more rapidly."

"Under ordinary circumstances they would have done so," replied Charles Tyrrell, coolly: for all that had passed between him and Lucy, although it had left his mind in no slight state of agitation, had also left it in as placable a mood as it is possible to conceive. "I met

with various little incidents on the road, sir,' he added with a smile, "none of them very disagreeable indeed; but which served to detain me. In the first place, I met Miss Effingham coming up here to console you and my mother for the absence of your affectionate son, who she fully believed had departed, not this life, but this house, on his journey to Oxford."

"You are pleased to be facetious, sir," said his father, dryly. "Pray what was the next little incident? I suppose this was not a disagreeable one, certainly."

"Of course not," replied Charles, and as he had predetermined he went on: "I had next to knock down a man dressed like a sailor, who had followed Miss Effingham into the park and was insolent to her."

"Indeed," cried every one, while their eyes opened somewhat wider with astonishment, and Sir Francis added, "I must really have some stop put to this. It is now the fifth or sixth time within the last week, I think, that sailors

have been found wandering about in the park. The gamekeepers must not do their duty, or else such people would not be in five minutes without their finding them. And so," he continued, renewing the attack upon his son, "you made yourself the champion of Miss Effingham, did you? for which she was of course very grateful, doughty sir."

"Certainly," replied Charles; "I could not refuse to become the lady's champion when you were not present yourself, sir, to defend your fair favourite; and even more, after that was all over, and she had a little recovered from the fear she had suffered, I escorted her home to the manor-house, as she was not disposed to come on here, judging that you would not be quite so inconsolable as she thought, as I was to remain another day."

"I hope you gave my message to Mrs. Effingham," continued his father.

Charles replied in the affirmative, and as Sir Francis chose, when in society, to assume the character of a very amiable and placable

parent, though he could hardly suppose that he really deceived anybody by so doing, he dropped the matter there, and resumed his conversation with his brother justice.

Nearly half an hour more elapsed without any notice being given that the persons expected had arrived, and the conversation began naturally to turn upon the subject of their meeting, when Charles, though he did not think fit to ask any questions, gathered that the important business on which his father had detained him was neither more nor less than the examination of a gang of smugglers, one of the largest and most important seizures having been made on the coast the night before which had been known for many years. This had been effected by the custom-house officers, aided by the crew of the revenue cutter; but for the apprehension of the smugglers themselves, as the contraband articles had not been found actually in their possession, the civil power had been called in, and the necessary authority given by Sir Francis Tyrrell.

While Charles was step by step discovering these facts, the door of the library was thrown open, and no less than two-and-twenty men of different kinds and stations poured into the room. The greater part of them remained, however, at the farther end, while a young gentleman in naval uniform, advanced to the magistrates, and informed them that he believed, with the assistance he had received from the civil power, he had succeeded in capturing almost all the persons implicated. The prisoners had sent off, he said, for a lawyer from the neighbouring town, to assist them before the magistrates, though he did not see what such a land-shark could do for the poor devils; but, however, as some desperate resistance had been made, and it might go hard with them for their lives if one of the constables who had been injured were to die, he thought it better, he said, to bring them up but slowly, while the messenger went on for the lawyer.

While he had been thus speaking, Charles Tyrrell had been examining attentively the

group at the farther end of the room, and separating it into its constituent parts. The constable and other officers were immediately distinguished, and, in general, the boat's crew of the cutter could also be marked out from the rest. The group of smugglers stood in the middle with the others sweeping round them, and one or two of them bearing evident marks of the contest in which they had so lately been engaged.

• But the surprise and grief of Charles Tyrrell was not slight, to see standing beside another man, some ten or fifteen years older than himself, and bearing a strong resemblance to him, honest John Hailes, the father of the little boy who had so nearly drifted out to sea in the empty boat. The other person who stood next to him, afterwards proved to be his brother William Hailes, whom we have already introduced to the reader under the name of Old Will. The younger of the brothers, John Hailes, had evidently been somewhat severely treated, having received a blow

upon the forehead with a cutlass, the bleeding of which seemed scarcely to be staunch-ed yet. William Hailes had met with less sharp usage, or had shown less resistance, and Charles doubted not that it was on account of the former, and the interest which he took in him from the little incident of having saved his child, that his father had required him to remain at Harbury Park that day.

It is certainly strange the bond which exists between us and any one who has called into action towards them the better feelings of our nature. It seems as if they had made acquaintance with our hearts and obtained an entrance at once on all occasions when strangers are not admitted. "We put a withering twig in the ground," says Sterne, "and then we water it because we have planted it." Whatever may be the philosophical cause of this tendency, Charles Tyrrell certainly felt far more interest in the case of John Hailes than he did in that of any one present, and advancing towards him, he asked him, not in a

loud voice indeed, but not in a low one, how he happened to be in such a situation.

"Bless you, sir!" replied the man, "I've no more to do with it than you have. How I got the cut on the head, you see, is, because these fellows came in upon me suddenly, and I not liking to be overhauled in that manner, knocked one of them down. That 's the truth, I don't deny it. But as for running the goods, I had no more to do with that than my boy Johnny. I wonder they didn't take him too: for you know well enough, sir, that he had nearly gone to sea without any papers aboard, poor boy. D——, they may do what they like, they can't do any harm to me; for I had no hand in running any thing, so they can't make out that I had."

"But you should have submitted when you knew that there was a warrant out against you," replied Charles.

"I never knew any thing of that," replied the man. "Nobody ever told me of a warrant. But just when I was stooping down

over the chest in the window of the hovel, in comes one of these lubbers, and catches me by the jacket, telling me I must come away with him: so, you see, sir, I turned round, and knocked him over, as was natural. Nobody can say much against that, I think."

"Come, come, Charles," cried Sir Francis, "we must investigate this matter in a more orderly way. I don't see any use of waiting longer for the lawyer. We might remain here all day."

Charles endeavoured to persuade his father that it would be better to give a little more time for the arrival of the person who had been sent for; but, as a natural consequence, Sir Francis persisted in proceeding immediately, and had opened the business when it was again interrupted by the entrance of no less a personage than Captain Longly, with his pigtail at full length, accompanied by Everard Morrison, both bearing evident marks of having lost no time by the road.

As soon as Charles saw his old school-fellow,

he advanced and shook hands with him cordially, and though Everard received his friend's greeting with his usual calm and thoughtful demeanour, to those who knew him well it would have been evident, from the placid smile that hung upon his lip and the momentary brightening of his eye, that his meeting with Charles Tyrrell and the warm reception given him by the Baronet's son were grateful to every feeling of his heart.

Charles instantly led him up to Sir Francis Tyrrell, and introduced him in form as the friend and school-fellow whom he had so often heard him mention, and the Baronet behaved by no means ill upon the occasion, treating the young lawyer with politeness and respect, and saying, that though of course the business must be conducted by the magistrates, and they could not suffer any one to interfere, yet it was extremely right and proper that a solicitor should be present on behalf of the prisoners to watch the proceedings against them.

"Depend upon it, Sir Francis," replied young Morrison, "I should never dream of interfering but where the law authorized me, and my duty compelled me as the prisoners' solicitor. You will permit me, of course, to have a few minutes' conversation with them in the first place?"

Sir Francis Tyrrell and the other justices consented, and Morrison, approaching the group at the other end of the room, bade the officers and others retire a little, in a tone which, though calm and quiet, was obeyed at once, and then spoke to each of the prisoners in turn for a single instant, seeming to ask none of them more than two questions, to which some of them answered briefly, some merely by a shrug of the shoulders or a shake of the head.

Towards the end of this proceeding Captain Longly walked up to one of the prisoners and spoke to him, when the young officer, who had remained standing by the magistrates, exclaimed, "Come, come, Master Longly, none of that.

We know you well of old, and I am very sure that if right were done, you would be standing amongst them yourself."

Longly eyed him from head to foot, while, by a slouching motion of his head, he caused his pigtail to project at full length, straight out over the collar of his jacket, and ejecting a considerable portion of tobacco juice upon the Turkey carpet, he replied, "So you call yourself a sailor, do ye, you lubber?"

Everard Morrison instantly interfered. "You forget, sir," he said, turning to the officer, "that in this room you have no authority, and that it does not become you to bring a charge which you cannot sustain. Sir Francis Tyrrell is the person to interfere, if Mr. Longly does any thing that is amiss, and Mr. Longly has, I know, too much respect for him not to bow at once to his decision."

Charles Tyrrell felt proud of his friend, and, perhaps, Morrison was himself in some degree affected by the knowledge that he was acting in the presence of Charles Tyrrell.

Into the particulars of the examination that ensued it is not, perhaps, needful to enter minutely. At all events, till we come to the case of the fisherman, John Hailes, and of another, whom the young lawyer set apart with him, in consequence of the answers which he seemed to receive from them. It appeared very clear as a matter of fact, though perhaps not quite clearly proved, that William Hailes, the elder brother of the fisherman, had had a considerable share in smuggling the goods which had been seized. There were four or five other men similarly situated; and as their cases were gone through, one after the other, Charles Tyrrell could not help feeling convinced, though very willing to believe them innocent, that sufficient grounds existed for their committal, although he doubted whether a condemnation would follow.

In regard to the last of these men, however, a dispute arose which called forth his interference. None of the men had attempted any defence or said any thing, apparently acting

under the directions of their lawyer. But the last of this party was very anxious to vindicate himself, and one of the constables seemed as anxious to prove him guilty. The man said more than was necessary certainly upon his own cause, and the constable who had taken him, standing beside him, chose to comment on his words, and endeavoured to embarrass him even while under examination before the magistrates.

Morrison then interposed, saying, "You had better stand back, constable, and let the accused answer for himself. Remember, Wilson, you are not bound to say anything; and if you take my advice, you will be silent. — Stand back, constable, I say; you are interfering in an improper manner."

"Come, come, Master Morrison," cried the constable, who was one of a sturdy, bull-headed race of men, even at that time forming a peculiar class in the peasantry of England, but who have since increased and multiplied to an amazing degree under the fostering care

of new game laws and parish unions ; " Come, come, Master Morrison, give us none of your sauce. I have as much a right to meddle as you have, every bit ; so stand back yourself, for I sha'n't for none of you."

Morrison was turning coolly to appeal to the magistrates, being accustomed to meet insolence of various kinds, and to deal with it tranquilly. But such was not the case with Charles Tyrrell, who was sitting at the moment at one end of the table, close to the prisoners, as they were brought up one by one before the magistrate ; and fixing his eye upon the constable with a heightened colour, he said, " Stand back !"

The man looked at him for an instant, as if irresolute, but then replied with dogged determination, " No ; I sha'n't stand back !" and almost before the words were out of his mouth, he was grasped by the collar of his coat, and sent reeling back into the midst of the group behind him, with a countenance flaming with rage and discomfited insolence.

"Charles, Charles," said Sir Francis Tyrrell, "command yourself, sir; command yourself; such a display of violence and passion is very unbecoming."

A smile ran over the countenances of the other magistrates at this exhortation; but Charles, who felt that he had indeed given way more than he ought to have done, instantly regained his temper, and replied,—"I beg your pardon, sir; I have done wrong; but the man was insolent."

That insolence was but increased from the treatment he had met with. But Charles, who found that his own temper was not sufficiently placable to endure much more, left the matter to his father, on whom the constable speedily turned; and Sir Francis, whose powers of endurance were considerably less than those of his son, was in less than two minutes in such a state of excitement, that the other magistrates were obliged to interpose, and authoritatively to send the man out of the room.

The Baronet was then speedily calmed, and the business before them proceeded in ; but each of the persons present carried away their own version of the scene which had taken place. A thousand stories were built upon the foundation thus afforded, and the violence, rashness, and intemperate passion of the Tyrrell family became, perhaps for the hundredth time, a nine days' wonder in the county.

It was a peculiar feature in the character of Sir Francis Tyrrell, that any irritation which he endured left an impression on his mind, which lasted long in a sort of subdued and smothered state. If nothing occurred again to blow it into a flame, the fire became gradually extinct. But it showed itself, if that were not the case, by bursting forth upon slight causes, and aggravating every motive of offence. It also, even while kept under, made him more bitter, more severe, and more sarcastic than at other times ; but on the present occasion his calmness only lasted for a very short period.

When the fisherman, John Hailes, was brought up to the table with the other person whom Morrison had set apart, the young lawyer immediately commenced another method of proceeding, saying to the magistrates — “Now, gentlemen, against these two men there is not a shadow of evidence, as far as I can learn; and the accusation against them, when stripped of its exaggerations, is, that the man John Hailes, and this other, named Henry Wilson, live upon the sea-shore, within a mile of the place where the smuggled goods have been seized. Hailes, it is true, is the brother of William Hailes, who lives nearer to the spot, and who was seen, we are told, with a barrow-full of the shingles, such as the goods were covered with; but even if it were proved,—and there is not a shadow of proof that such is the case,—that William Hailes smuggled the whole cargo with his own hands, that is not in the slightest degree a proof that his brother had anything to do with it. Unless, then, sufficient evidence be

brought forward to show that Hailes and his companion were immediately and directly implicated in the transaction, I shall not only request you to discharge them immediately, but shall also bring before your notice, when the case is disposed of, the question of the assault committed upon them by the constables who apprehended them."

Sir Francis Raymond fired up immediately. "You are aware, sir," he said, with a frowning brow, "that they were apprehended in virtue of a warrant signed by me upon information on oath."

"Then I have only to say, sir," replied Morrison, "that the person who swore that oath committed perjury; and further to observe, that the fact of the warrant was not notified to them till after the assault had been committed. It can be proved that the moment the warrant was produced, and the officers made their authority known, they met with not the slightest resistance."

This was too much for Sir Francis Tyrrell,

who answered with domineering and angry contempt, which was only aggravated by another cool but decided reply from the young lawyer. Every thing that was sarcastic, every thing that was violent, every thing that was insulting, poured from his lips; and Charles, equally pained both for his father and his friend, could hardly make himself heard through the torrent of the Baronet's eloquent vituperation. The moment that he did so, however, his father turned upon him as an object on which he had very frequently practised the peculiar sort of oratory in which he was indulging; and nothing that could gall or mortify him was left unsaid in the presence of the number of people who were then collected.

There was a terrible struggle in Charles Tyrrell's heart, and every one present saw it in the changing of his colour from fiery red to deadly pale, and the reverse, which took place two or three times while his father went on. Every word that he himself uttered seemed to lash the Baronet into greater fury. He put no restraint

upon himself of any kind ; his eyes were seen gleaming forth from under his overhanging brows like live coals. His lips quivered, his nostrils expanded, his hands clenched, and after going on for five or six minutes without interruption, piling upon his son's head the wildest and falsest accusations, insinuations, and reproaches, he actually was forced to stop for want of breath and utterance.

Charles knew that his father would go on again as soon as he recovered power ; but he felt that he could endure no more, for he too trembled with a struggle against himself, and taking advantage of the pause, he rose from the table to quit the room. The Baronet, however, could hardly bear to lose the object of his indignation, and screaming, rather than speaking, he exclaimed, " Speak, sir, speak. What have you to say for yourself ? "

Charles's resolution gave way, and he replied in a bitter tone, " I have only to say that I grieve for my father's behaviour,—one day he will repent this conduct to his son ; " and he instantly quitted the room.

"You hear, gentlemen, you hear," exclaimed Sir Francis Tyrrell, rolling his eyes from one of the magistrates to the other: "he threatens his father!—I suppose some of these days he will horsewhip me to teach me the respect a father ought to entertain for his son."

One of the magistrates made an attempt to mediate in favour of Charles Tyrrell, but he speedily abandoned it, finding that the storm was likely to fall upon himself, and in order to avoid any more irritation, he turned to the matter of the smuggling, and hurried through the cases that remained as fast as possible. Sir Francis, in the mood of the moment, would have committed any body upon any evidence whatsoever, but the other magistrates found themselves bound to oppose such a proceeding, and John Hailes and his companion, with another man, against whom there was no evidence at all, were discharged.

Everard Morrison, coolly and undismayed by all that had passed, gave notice that as soon as he had collected evidence in regard to all the

facts he should take proceedings against the parties concerned in the arrest of John Hailes ; but fearful of a new tempest breaking forth, one of the other magistrates begged him to defer anything he had to say on the subject, to which he consented.

The rest of the business was then speedily arranged. Six of the smugglers were sent to the county gaol, and the room was soon cleared. The magistrates immediately called for their horses and departed ; and Sir Francis Tyrrell, knowing, by Mr. Driesen's calm cynical smile that he had noted every word, and tone, and look, during the fit of passion in which he had indulged, and had rather enjoyed the scene than otherwise, turned away from a man who, with all his causticity, had never yet given him an opportunity of quarrelling with him, took his hat and stick and walked out into the park.

Mr. Driesen stood at the window looking after him for a moment with a bitter smile ; then stretched himself at length upon a sofa, took

up a book, and, wrapped up in his own selfishness, forgot in two moments a scene which, like every thing else that did not affect him personally, passed before his eyes like the performance of a play without in the slightest degree affecting his heart.

In the mean while Charles Tyrrell had retired to his own room. For several minutes he buried his face in his hands, and struggled eagerly to suppress the tumult of angry feelings that still remained in his bosom. He used every motive, he recollected every inducement which could be suggested by common sense and philosophy, or the far surpassing power of religion : but the task was a long and a difficult one, and he was leaning with his arm on the window-sill gazing over the park from the open window, when a servant entered the room and informed him that one of the gentlemen who had been below had come up to speak with him. Believing it to be one of the magistrates, and supposing that he had come for the purpose of effecting a reconciliation between him

and his father, Charles ordered him to be admitted immediately ; but was surprised to see the young officer who had appeared in command of the men belonging to the revenue cutter. He closed the door carefully behind him, and advanced towards Charles Tyrrell with a countenance expressive of candour and frankness, but at the same time of some degree of embarrassment.

“ I am sorry, Mr. Tyrrell,” he said, “ I am really sorry to trouble you at such a moment as this, and upon such a business. But as I was coming along just now with the men we had taken, I met an old friend and messmate of mine named Arthur Hargrave, who informed me that he had had some words with you, and that you had struck him. Finding that I was coming on here, he asked me to do what of course I could not refuse, namely, to seek an opportunity of speaking with you, and demanding either an apology or immediate satisfaction of another kind.”

Charles Tyrrell was in no mood for making

apologies, and he replied : " I certainly did strike him, Sir, and served him perfectly right. I shall, therefore, make no apology whatsoever for having chastised a person who deserved it. As I find he is an officer in his Majesty's navy, I will give him at once that satisfaction which his conduct does not merit : but as I am obliged to return to Oxford to-morrow, and, as you see, have no inducement to remain here, I can give him no great time for preparation, and will name, if you please, the hour of six to-morrow morning."

" These things can never be settled too soon, when once they are determined upon," replied the young officer : " and we will not fail to be upon the ground if you will name the spot."

" That is easily settled," replied Charles. " You see that hill," he continued, pointing to Harbury hill, the summit of which just peeped over the trees of the park, and was visible at his windows. " It is a good land-mark for all the country round, so you cannot miss it. On the top there is a flat piece of ground,

it having been an old encampment. We will meet there, if you please, at six precisely. I may have some difficulty in finding a friend to accompany me upon the occasion, as this neighbourhood is somewhat thin of gentlemen; but nothing shall prevent my coming."

A few formal speeches of a courteous and civil character ended the matter, and Charles, ushering his visitor to the door, closed it, and remained alone, to think over the approaching event, and the necessary preparations. To whom could he apply, he asked himself. Where could he find pistols, for he had none of his own. Everard Morrison, he doubted not, was by this time gone, and even if he were not, Charles had little doubt that if he made known his circumstances to him, and asked him to buy him pistols and accompany him to the field, the young lawyer would positively refuse to do either, and would cause his footsteps to be dogged by officers, rather than assist him in a breach of the peace.

The only two other young men in the neigh-

bourhood with whom he was at all intimate, he knew to be absent, and he paused thoughtfully over a situation of some difficulty and discomfort. His mind, then, suddenly reverted to Mr. Driesen. He would, it is true, have chosen any other person upon the first impulse; but that gentleman, nevertheless, upon second thoughts, appeared to him much more eligible than any body he could select.

Charles Tyrrell was going to do what he knew to be wrong—what, upon every principle of reason and good feeling he disapproved of, as the most stupid and absurd, as well as the most barbarous and criminal of worldly customs; and he felt, in a religious point of view, that he not only required that mental preparation which every man must desire before death; but that he had to ask of the Almighty, not only pardon for sins past, but pardon for the very crime he was about to commit, and which was likely to hurry him into the presence of God.

Mr. Driesen was a man without any religion,

and, therefore, in all these respects he could give Charles neither comfort nor direction; but this was a matter, with which his second could, of course, have nothing to do, and in every other respect, he was well calculated to guide and assist him. He was a man of known courage,—had some experience in such affairs,—was troubled with no scruple or hesitation of any kind,—and was prompt, active, and clear-sighted. He could easily obtain the pistols for him from the nearest large town without exciting suspicion in any one, and would, as Charles well knew, have no hesitation, in regard to exerting himself under such circumstances.

He accordingly rang the bell, and ordered the servant to ask Mr. Driesen to speak with him; and in a few minutes after, that gentleman appeared with some surprize in his countenance at the summons. Charles briefly explained to him the occurrences of the morning, and Mr. Driesen accepted the office of second at once, rubbing his hands with a certain degree

of pleasure, though at the same time he declared duelling to be a very foolish thing indeed.

“Early to begin, Charles, early to begin,” he said. “I never went out till I was six-and-twenty, and have not seen any thing of the kind for twenty-five years. There was room in the mean while, however, to do a little business of the kind; but upon my life, Charles, if you begin thus early and go on thus hotly, you will get your brains blown out some day. Six o’clock to-morrow, you say — Harbury Hill,—well, I’ll be ready, and come and knock at your door. Is there any thing I can do for you in the mean while?”

“Why, I wish you to send for the pistols,” said Charles, “without letting any one know it.”

“What! haven’t you got pistols?” demanded Mr. Driesen, with as much astonishment as if they were an indispensable ornament of a toilet-table; “but never mind, I’ll lend you mine: I never travel without. There’s no knowing when one may want them; and there

can't be better pistols. I'd give them to you, Charles, for at my age, it is not likely I shall often use them; but they were sent me by a poor friend of mine when he was dying — shot through the liver, poor fellow! — and I have a great regard for them. However, I will leave them to you in my will. You Tyrrells should never be without such companions."

Scarcely ten words more were said upon the subject, and Mr. Driesen, after ascertaining the difference between his watch and that of Charles Tyrrell, wished his young friend good bye, and went away to read his book again.

CHAPTER XI.

CHARLES TYRRELL was up early on the following morning. He was one of those who are born without the consciousness of fear. Though eager and enthusiastic by nature, vehement and rapid in character, his was not one of those weak toned minds easily hurried on to violent actions to be regretted the next moment, or to unsustained daring which evaporates with the excitement of the hour. When he had struck an officer in the King's service, he knew the consequences likely to ensue, and he was quite as ready to meet those consequences after calm

reflection as at the moment when he had committed the act.

There was indeed only one condition under which Charles Tyrrell regretted his actions, which was, when the impetuosity and vehemence of his nature led him to do any thing which his own heart condemned. Such, however, was not the case in the present instance. He felt solemnly that there was a chance of his meeting death in the encounter to which he was voluntarily going. He felt that he might very likely be torn, in a moment, from the side of a mother to whom he was the only source of consolation, comfort and support. He felt that he might be taken too from one who had wakened in his bosom, for the first time, the noblest, the most endearing, the most kindly of affections, and, therefore, on two strong motives he hoped and prayed that life might be continued to him.

But those feelings were very different from apprehension of death. He could not bring his mind to grasp the terror with which

some people regard that event. It seemed as if his mind were insusceptible of the idea of danger, and he set about all his proceedings for going out to meet Arthur Hargrave as calmly and tranquilly, as he had made his preparations on the preceding day for going to Oxford.

Weighing the chances, however, he sat down and wrote brief notes to the three persons whom he thought the most interested in his existence. One was, as may well be supposed, to Lucy Effingham, and another to his mother. The third, addressed to his father, was couched in terms of affection and kindness, as if there had never existed dispute or angry feelings between them. Before he ended it, however, he spoke of his mother, and besought Sir Francis Tyrrell in terms which he thought would touch him, if read when the hand that wrote them was cold in death, to render her life happier by a change of conduct towards her.

When he had done it, Charles was well

pleased that he had thought of so doing; for he felt that there are events which form epochs in the life of man, changing or influencing his very character itself, and he believed that the death of an only son, under such circumstances, might well form such an epoch in the life of Sir Francis and Lady Tyrrell, and might teach him to control that violent and bitter disposition which had rendered the existence of his wife an existence of misery.

He had concluded the whole of these arrangements some time before Mr. Driesen knocked at his door. That gentleman entered with a cheerful face carrying his pistol-case under his arm and saying: "Early rising, Charles, early rising, very good for the health this. A breeze upon Harbury Hill will do us a great deal of good; but we shall find it necessary, Charles, to jump out of your window, I think; for it seems to me the only one open in the house, all the rest is as dark as the pit of Acheron, or to use a not less classical simile, as dark as a dog's mouth. Those lazy

jades of yours are never up before six o'clock in the morning, so that when I come down sometimes, to seek for a book in the library, I find them walking about with their brooms in their hands, like the apotheosis of a March wind, enveloped in a cloud of dust. But I see you are ready and so am I, and so are the pistols; for I looked at them last night and there is not a speck upon them. You see I always cram them, Charles, when I put them into their cases with a piece of dry tow, wrapped up first in a piece of chamdès leather, and that wrapped up again in a piece of fine green cloth. I have got little instruments made too for stopping the touch-holes, so that not the slightest particle of flue or dust can get in. But now we had better set off; for we must walk quietly you know; no running and scampering to-day."

Charles was quite willing to set out, and unlocking one of the doors which led into the court-yard for themselves, they proceeded calmly towards Harbury Hill, Mr. Driesen

himself carrying the pistols, for which he seemed to have a high veneration and respect. The walk was long and beautiful, the scenery varying every moment, the newly risen sun lighting up hill and dale with all the fresh and varying loveliness of morning, and the wind blowing the foliage about, and carrying here and there a light cloud rapidly across the sky.

It was a scene to prompt thoughts of long life and manifold enjoyments, and there was something in gazing upon it and thinking of death and departure from all known and habitual pleasures which struck solemnly to the heart of Charles Tyrrell.

Finding that they had plenty of time, Mr. Driesen insisted upon Charles climbing the hill slowly, declaring that any great exertion unsteadied the hand. He also made him quit the road, which was covered with large hard stones, and mounting the bank, proceed over the short soft turf which clothed the old Roman encampment.

Before they reached the top, however, he

said, "They are there before us; I saw a man's head at that corner. However, as we have fully five minutes to the time, we need not hurry."

When they had reached the top, however, they found that the head which Mr. Driesen had seen, belonged to a no less innocent person than an old shepherd, who, accompanied by his two faithful dogs, sat upon the brow of the hill while his sheep fed quietly on the grassy side. Nobody else was there, and when they had reached the flat top, Mr. Driesen having laid down the pistol case, put on his spectacles, and mounting upon a part of the old intrenchments, looked over the country, to see if their adversaries were coming.

"It's very odd," he said, "very odd, indeed. One can see all round here, and yet I can perceive nothing like them on any of the roads. Well, we must wait," and thereupon he took out his silk pocket handkerchief, and tied on his hat, to prevent it being blown away by the wind.

After waiting some short time longer, Charles began to be apprehensive that his watch might have been slow, and that his opponent might have been on the spot before him and gone away; under which supposition he advanced to the shepherd, and asked him how long he had been there.

"Why for this hour and a half, Master Charles," replied the man, who knew him well, "I always set out pretty earlyish, and have been sitting here ever since."

"Were there two gentlemen here then," said Charles, "just before we came?"

"No, Master Charles, no," replied the man. "There's been nobody here since I was here. What happened before I came I can't say; but there's been nobody here since, not a living soul, except one of the two old ravens who live in those trees there. He came, old boy, and swung himself backwards and forwards on his feet, putting down his head, and croaking as if he had got hold of a sheep. I thought it boded no good to the old north country ram,

that has been ailing like for the last week ; but he seems better to-day. No, master Charles, not a living soul but the old raven."

So far satisfied, Charles walked back to Mr. Driesen, whom he found engaged in the humane and rational sport of pelting a lizard to death, which he had found sunning itself amongst the stones. He left off, however, as Charles Tyrrell approached, and said :

" This is very odd, Charles ; its near a quarter past the hour. Do you think this can be a white feather, my boy. We must give 'em a little more time, however ; watches may differ, and though mine goes well, yet it may be found at fault when compared with one regulated by observation taken from the deck of his Majesty's revenue cutter, the —— what is she called, Charles ?"

" I am sure I do not know," answered Charles Tyrrell ; " but I think I see somebody coming along the further part of that road. Oh yes, it is certainly ; I saw him pass the trees."

Mr. Driesen now looked, and anxiously ; but in a moment after, he said :

“That’s but a single person, and looks to me too little for a man. It’s a boy, Charles, it’s a boy. He’s making straight for the hill, however ; perhaps they’ve sent him on to say they’re coming.”

They watched the person who approached, and whom they could plainly distinguish to be a boy of no very great age, as he came along the road to the hill, and then mounted directly towards them. He was soon however seen to be a mere country lad in a smock frock, and Mr. Driesen concluding that he was one of the shepherd’s sons, or something of that kind, was turning away when the youth came up and stared, with an enquiring countenance, first at him and then at Charles.

“Are you one of the gentlemen I was to find upon the hill ?” said the boy, addressing the latter.

“I really do not know,” replied Charles

Tyrrell. "Pray who told you, you would find anybody here?"

"That I can't tell either," replied the boy, "but he looked like a sea captain."

"What is that you've got in your hand, my man?" said Mr. Driesen; "I dare say it is for us; let me look at it," and without ceremony he took from the reluctant hands of the boy a note, which he found to be directed to — Tyrrell, Esq. "There, Charles, there," continued Mr. Driesen, "that's for you. Let us hear what all this is about."

Charles took the note, which was wafered, and opened it, when he found written within, in a hasty and nearly illegible manner—

"Sir,

"I am sorry to inform you, that unexpected events will prevent my friend Lieutenant Hargrave from giving you the meeting proposed for this morning. I have not time to explain this matter further; but have only to add that

you will hear either from him or me in a few days, and that I am,

“ Sir,

“ Your most obedient servant, &c. &c.”

“ White feather ! Charles,” said Mr. Driesen. “ White feather no doubt of it ! Well you have done with the matter. If the fellow comes in your way again, horse-whip him, that’s all : but don’t suffer yourself to be tempted to meet him any more. Sometimes these cowardly fellows after hanging back for a time, screw themselves up to behave like gentlemen, but you are not to be trifled with by such a scoundrel. You have kept your engagement, and been to your time and that’s quite enough. Hark you, my man,” he continued turning to the boy “ what did they give you for bringing this note ? ”

“ They gave me a shilling, sir,” said the boy.

“ Give it to me,” said Mr. Driesen. “ There’s half a crown for you instead. Now I want you to do two things. If ever you meet that gentle-

man again tell him it would not pass current and so you had the broad arrow stamped upon it! and, here, take this mahogany case, and walk on before us to that house, that you see in the park beyond the trees there. We are close behind you; but take no notice, give the case to one of the servants, and tell him to put it in Mr. Driesen's room—Mr. Driesen's room mind!"

The boy pulled the front lock of his hair and took the pistol case; and Driesen turning, to Charles led the way homeward, saying, "Come, Charles come. My walk has given me an appetite, and I don't think it has taken yours away, though something has taken away the stomach of your adversary seemingly. I shall go and coax Mrs. Housekeeper to make me a cup of chocolate: for it wants an hour and a half to the breakfast time yet, and I should be starved if I were to wait so long."

Charles determined he would do so likewise, and they accordingly returned to the house with

a more rapid pace than that with which they had left it.

When there, Charles Tyrrell destroyed the notes that he had written, and the whole party met at breakfast, he having once more prepared to set out for Oxford immediately after. Sir Francis, in reality ashamed of what had taken place the day before, but forcing down the throat of his own conscience a persuasion that he had been very much ill treated by his son, enshrouded himself in sullen dignity, read the newspaper, and scarcely spoke, to any one. Lady Tyrrell was present, but sad at her son's departure, and the burden of conversation devolved upon Mr Driesen, who, to do him but justice bore it up stoutly.

When breakfast was over, Charles ordered his packages to be taken down to the lodge, and bade his mother farewell. Lady Tyrrell melted into tears, and retired immediately into her own room. Sir Francis shook hands with his son, wished him good bye, and returned to his newspaper again. Mr. Driesen accompan-

ied Charles to the lodge, and left him fully satisfied that he had established a hold upon the young man's regard which he had never before possessed.

The coach came up in a few minutes, the luggage was taken up, Charles mounted on the top, the horses started and he was borne away from the scenes which were endeared to him by early reflections ; but still more by the one sweet attaching tie of his love for Lucy Effingham.

CHAPTER XII.

“NELLA strada della Licatia vi è una chiesetta mal fornita, ove suole annidarsi uno dei romiti girovagi, ed anni sono vi abitava uno di barba e pelo rosso, che si procacciava il vitto colle spontanee limosine de' passeggeri, conforme a tutti i suoi antecessori. Teneva egli un cane addestrato in maniera che ad un cenno quasi indiscernibile investiva con gran furia i passeggeri, e ad un altro cenno faceva mille ossequiosi atteggiamenti e giuocarelli.”

So said our worthy old friend, the Canon Joseph Recupero, and therein he afforded an excellent allegory, representing in faint colours the passions of a violent and irritable man, which at the lightest sign, imperceptible

in fact to any but his own eyes and to the feelings that he acts upon, now rise into unprovoked aggression, now sink into fondling and uncalled-for affection.

Ere Charles Tyrrell had been much more than a month at Oxford, he received a letter from his father, commanding him imperatively to return to Harbury Park, without assigning the slightest reason or motive whatever for the conduct he thus pursued. On first reading the letter, Charles was inclined—and what young mind is not so inclined—to give way to hope, to imagine that the purpose of his father was, as Mr. Driesen had prognosticated, to propose to him that union which he desired more than any other thing on earth, to offer to him voluntarily all that he thought necessary to render him as happy as he conceived it possible for a human being to be.

But when he came again to examine his father's letter, to weigh the words and examine the expressions with accuracy, he found that there was an acerbity, a bitterness, a

Lady Tyrrell was of course the first that suffered. She herself, however, could retire to her own bed-room and let the storm blow by. But the very absence of the person on whom Sir Francis thought that his anger might be most justly expended, increased his irritation in a high degree, and kept him in the state of an avalanche ready to descend; but stayed by some trifling impediment which only rendered the accumulation more dangerous.

Unfortunately so happened also that no one could give him any cause for offence, and the servants ran like lightning to obey him, so that the horses themselves seemed more tractable and easy under the influence of an impending catastrophe, and Mr. Driesen with extraordinary forethought, avoided the slightest cause of offence, though he did not fail to return the little biting sarcasms which, by his manner, kept him constantly prepared to as-

sail others, tended not a little to guard him from assault.

Through a long life, as we have said, Sir Francis and Mr. Driesen had never quarrelled, and Sir Francis had generated in himself a sort of affectionate regard towards Driesen, which without respect or esteem, or any of those qualities that seemed requisite to render regard permanent, had outlived many trials, and rather increased than diminished. It is true that Mr. Driesen was under some pecuniary obligations to Sir Francis Tyrrell, and Sir Francis was too generous in regard to such transactions not to feel that such a circumstance ought to act as a check and controul upon him. This was indeed the only kind of restraint he knew, and it is but justice to point it out, and to say that on many occasions it acted as a barrier, when, had it not been for that, his wrath might have poured forth upon his friend as well as upon his wife or son. As

very rarely happens, indeed, the existence of pecuniary obligations had given permanence to the friendship of two men of very dissimilar characters and of no very stedfast religious principles.

These causes still existed to prevent any thing like a rupture between Sir Francis Tyrrell and his friend; but in the course of that month a change had come over Mr. Driesen which was sufficiently remarkable, to attract the attention of Sir Francis himself. He had become gloomy, melancholy; had not taken pleasure in his books, but been thoughtful in conversation; and had not seemed to view all things in that quiet and amusing light, which he had been accustomed to do. Sir Francis saw that such was the case, and as he had remarked a similar change in his friend once before, and had discovered what was the cause, he divined it easily at present and said one morning when they were alone, "Driesen, you have been speculating and have been unsuccessful. I see it in the

sharpness of your nose. You'll have to come to me soon, I am sure, so you had better do so as soon as possible."

Mr. Driesen turned upon his heel, whistling a few bars of a loose French song, and without reply walked out of the room.

"There goes a proud man, who scoffs at pride," muttered Sir Francis Tyrrell to himself, and feeling himself superior to Mr. Driesen for the moment, which was pleasant to him, as he did not do so in general, he too whistled the same air, and proceeded to other matters.

During that month, it is but fair to say—especially when we are speaking of a person of whom we are not very fond—that Mr. Driesen laboured assiduously in all the intricate paths which his spirit was fond of following, to induce Sir Francis Tyrrell to hurry forward whatever measures he proposed for the purpose of uniting his son Charles to Lucy Effingham. But whether it was that something had occurred to open the eyes of Sir Francis himself to

the real feelings of Charles and Lucy towards each other, or whether it was that Mr. Driesen, with all his skill, suffered his object to be too perceptible, Sir Francis resisted in a manner, which had not been expected and at the end of the month, the matter was no further advanced than at the beginning.

Mr. Driesen was somewhat puzzled, and as he had sometimes found it an excellent plan with Sir Francis Tyrrell to let things alone, and as he expressed, to suffer his caprices to rack themselves clear, he gave up all allusions to the subject, in the end, and even when Sir Francis himself approached it, avoided it as much as possible. At the same time he went down to the old Manor house as often as he had a decent excuse for so doing: and one day laughingly said to Sir Francis Tyrrell, "Pon my word, I think if Lucy reaches the liberal age of one and twenty without being married, I shall propose to her myself. Her fortune would stop many a gap, for the time being,

and she'd make a beautiful widow, some eight or ten years hence."

"Do you intend to live eight or ten years Driesen?" said Sir Francis Tyrrell.

"I'll bet you any money, I live longer than you," replied Mr. Driesen.

"What makes you think so?" said Sir Francis, sharply.

"Why," replied Mr. Driesen, "we are like two horses running a race. We are much about the same age, Tyrrell — six off, eh? — much about it in bone and substance; but you carry weight, Tyrrell, and I don't. You've a wife, and a son, and an estate, and a bad temper; and I'm wifeless, childless, pennyless and pleasant; so I'll bet you what you like, as I said, that I live longer than you. Come, Tyrrell, will you have it for five thousand cool money, and say done — pon my soul it would be a great comfort to me; and you might die whenever you liked for that matter."

"I won't run you so hard as that, Driesen,"

replied Sir Francis, with a grim smile; and almost immediately after a heavy frown gathered upon his brow, while he added: "I'll tell you what, Driesen, you are likely to come in for something better than you know of; for on my soul, as a gentleman and a man of honour, if what I've heard yesterday and to-day be true, I'll leave you every farthing that I can leave away, and cut that undeserving boy as close down as the law will let me."

Mr. Driesen stared, as well he might; for Sir Francis had been, as usual when his son was absent, particularly affectionate in his mention of him since Charles had gone to Oxford; and not one single word had been said up to that moment which could afford, even to his penetrating sagacity, just cause to imagine that Sir Francis Tyrrell had discovered any new cause for offence in his son. Rapid was Mr. Driesen in all his calculations; and one of his modes of proceeding, was instantly to suffer a vivid imagination to produce every possible and probable cause for

any mysterious circumstance which presented itself, and then to apply to his judgment, seldom found wanting in accuracy, to select the most probable from all the causes thus produced.

Thus, in the present instance, he thought, "Charles has been kicking this young Hargrave at Oxford; he has refused to fight him according to my advice; he has written to Lucy Effingham to tell her he is in love with her, or he has written to his father to tell him the same thing; or else he has got himself into some devilish scrape by his fiery temper, which his father, of course, will never forgive, being so lamb-like himself. Well, if the old gentleman do but keep his word, and adhere to his resolution, which he is very likely to do, it will deliver me from many a difficulty out of which I don't see my way. However, I must do my best at present to endeavour to persuade him not to do the very thing that would be the most beneficial to me; in the first place, because I really do not want to injure the boy,

and in the next place, because that's the very way to make Sir Francis adhere to his resolution, if the youth is really in the wrong."

Acting accordingly upon this determination, Mr. Driesen applied himself, in the first place, to learn from Sir Francis Tyrrell what was the cause of this sudden fit of indignation with his son. For a time the baronet was uncommunicative; but by one means or another, Driesen wormed out of him the fact that Charles Tyrrell had been engaged in a duel with young Hargrave, and that the whole business between him and their fair neighbour at the Manor House was known. Mr. Driesen, however, could arrive at nothing more; for Sir Francis did not and would not specify from whom he had received his information. Nor did he himself seem to feel quite sure of the facts, or to know the particulars.

His friend then, in pursuance of his resolution, set hard to work to convince him, that even taking it for granted that the whole was true which he had heard, he ought to overlook

his son's fault, promote his marriage, and applaud the duel. In the first place, however, he found Sir Francis Tyrrell's whole opinions in regard to duelling suddenly, but not the less completely changed. He had on former occasions declared a thousand times that fighting duels was one of the greatest modern improvements; that it was very true the bravest men of antiquity knew nothing of such a practice; but he added, it was simply because such a thing as a gentleman was then uninvented; that the discovery of that biped required duelling as a natural consequence; and that it was absolutely necessary, as society was constituted at present, to have the means of holding something more than the mere law over the heads of personages who might be inclined to forget civility.

Now, however, he was as eager on the contrary side of the question, and advocated boldly all the adverse arguments. Duelling was the most stupid and absurd practice that it was possible to conceive. The man who called an-

other out, as well as the man who received such a call, was nine times out of ten an arrant coward. The very principle of the matter was cowardly as well as absurd, and he had hoped, he said, that his son would not have shown himself to be so great and lamentable a fool.

As Sir Francis had never been famous for his consistency, Mr. Driesen did not attempt to throw in his teeth, otherwise than by a slight sneer, his former opinions upon the same subject; but in regard to Lucy Effingham, he pointed out to Sir Francis that he had really no right to complain of his son falling in love with so beautiful a person, when he himself had brought them together for the very purpose.

In answer to this, Sir Francis Tyrrell said, grinning at him all the time with a degree of spiteful scorn :

“ Now you think that a very excellent argument, Driesen don't you, and you call yourself a philosopher and a logician. What right have you to suppose that I am angry with him for

falling in love with Lucy Effingham? I am not angry with him for that, in the least. I think it quite natural, and what I expected and wished; but what I expected and wished also was, that my son should make me in the first instance acquainted with his intentions and purpose, and not clandestinely seek the hand of a person whom he might have obtained openly and straightforwardly; but openness and straightforwardness are not a part of his character, Sir, to his father at least; and his father will teach him that he is not to be contemned and made a fool of with impunity. He shall learn better, whether he likes it or not; and though the lesson may be a painful one to inflict or to receive, I shall not hesitate to give it. And now Driesen, I will tell you something more," he continued. "Do not let me hear any more of these arguments, for I know you are reasoning against your own conviction, by doing which you will not serve my son at all, and may make an unpleasant difference towards yourself."

"I wasn't reasoning against my conviction, Tyrrell," said Mr. Driesen, grinning at him in return; "but I was certainly reasoning against my own interest, which is what a man seldom does in the world, let me tell you. However, henceforth I shall hold my tongue upon the subject. If you choose to leave your money away from your son, I don't see why I shouldn't have it as well as another, and to tell you the truth, if you thought fit to do so, and could manage to die within a rational time, thirty or forty thousand pounds would be very convenient; as indeed a less sum would, for that rascal, Swearum, has called in his mortgage, and threatens to foreclose. He tells me, too, he could arrest me for interest if he liked, and I rather suspect that he tells me true."

"He shan't do that, Driesen. He shan't do that!" replied Sir Francis, who was as we have said, a really generous man in regard to pecuniary matters. "But I will go down directly to the Manor," he continued, "and

ascertain what truth there is in the news I have heard. I have sent for the young scoundrel home already, though I dare say he is by this time expelled from the University for this glorious beginning of life which he chooses to make."

Mr. Driesen did not reply, for it was evident that in Sir Francis Tyrrell's state of mind at the moment, no argument would be effectual. He saw him then take his hat and gloves and set out for the Manor with the appearance of cool indifference which he usually put on, taking up a book and stretching up his leg over the back of one of the chairs, as if not one word of any importance had been said during the morning.

When Sir Francis was fairly out of the house, however, Mr. Driesen laid down the book, raised himself, and took two or three slow turns up and down the room, with his head bent forward, and his eyes fixed upon the carpet. Into the exact nature of his thoughts we shall not inquire. It may



be sufficient to give some of the broken sentences in which, as was very common with him, he commented aloud upon what was passing in his mind.

“ Why should I care ? ” he said ; “ why should I care ? better that I should have it than any one else ; it would put me at ease for the rest of my life, and deliver me from the vile bondage of debts and embarrassment. I can but use it while I live, and give it back to the boy at my death—all the better for him too, not to have so much at first ; and I know the devilish determination of this maddest of a mad family ; if he does not leave it to me, he’ll leave it to somebody else. Pon my soul, it’s a lucky thing that he can’t communicate the disease like a mad dog by the bite, for he’s very well inclined to bite every body he meets with.—What a rabid race we should have !—I shall get myself bitten some day ; but if ever we do come to that, I think he’ll meet with his match.—Now he’ll tease poor

Mrs. Effingham's soul out before he comes up.—I often think it would be a good thing if some of those on whom he vents his ill nature were to imitate the worthy man they hanged for knocking his great ancestor's brains out with an axe."

Thus reasoned Mr. Driesen with himself; and having at length settled the whole matter in his own mind, he resumed his book, threw his legs again over the self-same chair which had supported them before, and was still deep in his studies when Sir Francis returned. Mr. Driesen very evidently heard by his step, and by the manner in which he threw down the hat he had worn, with an echoing emptiness, amongst half a dozen others strewed on a table placed in the hall to receive them, that his violent mood was anything but diminished. Mr. Driesen, however, took no notice, but went on with his book, and Sir Francis, after taking a turn in the room, paused by the table and said: "It's all true, Driesen, and more."

"Is it?" said Mr. Driesen, and went on reading.

"Come, Driesen, listen to me," exclaimed Sir Francis, "or it may be worse for you. I have determined that I will do what I said, and put the will in his hands the first thing I do on his arrival."

"Wait till to-morrow," said Mr. Driesen, looking up. "Wait till to-morrow, and I'm sure you'll change your mind."

Sir Francis Tyrrell stamped his foot, exclaiming, with a blasphemous oath: "Never, Driesen, never! The boy has not only put no confidence in his father in regard to a matter where he knew that father would have promoted his wishes, but has gone and prevailed upon Mrs. Effingham to be silent about the whole transaction; representing to her, I am sure, though she does not say so, that Sir Francis Tyrrell is a weak, unreasonable, foolish, passionate man. Now, Driesen, you have studied the law; will you draw the will, or will you not?"

"Oh! I will draw the will," replied Mr. Driesen, "and take my fee too, and I'll tell you what, Tyrrell, if you intend to make me benefit by it, you must write it all over in your own hand after I've drawn it, for of course it would be unpleasant to have—"

"Oh you draw it up, and I will write it over," replied Sir Francis; "there, take that sheet of paper, and now listen."

And he proceeded to dictate a sort of codicil to his former will by which he revoked the bequest of every thing that he had left to his son, leaving the entailed estates as bare as possible. He then went on and specified in detail what he left to Mr. Driesen. That gentleman put the whole into legal form as briefly as possible, and Sir Francis sitting down copied the document on a sheet of paper, tore the other copy into small pieces, and then ringing the bell, called up a sufficient number of servants as witnesses, with whose attestation he signed and sealed the paper. As soon as they were gone, he threw the paper over to Mr. Driesen, saying "There."

But Mr. Driesen pushed it back again, replying in the same laconic style, "Keep it yourself, I'll have nothing to do with it."

Sir Francis Tyrrell made no rejoinder, but took it up, opened a drawer in the library table, put it therein, shut the drawer, locked it, and left the room, apparently well satisfied with what he had done.

"There's a nice father," said Mr. Driesen, when Sir Francis departed, "a very nice father indeed; I may well thank my stars that I can never have such a one at my time of life."

But after grinning for a moment at his own jest, deeper thoughts took possession of him, and when he remembered all that Sir Francis had left him by that will, strange and conflicting sensations took possession of his heart. He had never possessed more than a very moderate income, and that income he had contrived gradually to diminish very greatly; but now there was before him the prospect of possessing not thirty or forty thousand pounds

as he had anticipated, but between six and seven thousand a year.

We shall follow, in regard to his thoughts on this occasion, the same course that we followed on his meditations when Sir Francis had left him before, though in the present instance he uttered but one sentence. That sentence however was quite sufficient to show to an enquiring mind some portion of all that was passing in his thoughts. He remained standing for many minutes with his hands clasped one over the other, and at length he said, turning upon his heel to go to his own room, "Pon my honour, I do think there is such a thing as a Devil!"

CHAPTER XIII.

WE will now follow Sir Francis Tyrrell, as with his passions all excited, he went out into the park, and wandered on, lashing himself into but the greater fury by the scourge of his own bitter thoughts. When uninfluenced by extraneous circumstances, a man's mood at the time, will almost always lead him to seek that peculiar scenery in the external world, which harmonizes with the state of the world in his own heart. Cheerfulness will affect the sunshine, gloom the shade, and Sir Francis Tyrrell naturally turned his steps to a part of the wood, where a number of old knarled oaks with rough and rugged contortions, spread a

deep shadow over various parts of the ground, as uneven and wild looking as themselves.

He advanced towards it musing and pondering, biting his lip and knitting his brow, till he was suddenly aroused by the sound of a shot fired at some distance. The shooting season had by this time commenced, and there were undoubtedly a great number of poachers abroad; but the gun had evidently been fired afar off, and if he had thought for a moment, he would have seen that it must have been beyond the precincts of his wood, and very likely beyond the bounds of the manor itself. His own gamekeepers too were out in all directions, and if the shot was fired on the estate at all, it was most likely by one of them.

Sir Francis Tyrrell however, was at that moment in no mood to give calm consideration to any thing. He felt quite sure that it was the gun of a poacher, which had been discharged. He believed that it was within the limits of the wood itself, and he was preparing a tremendous passion, against the indolence



and inactivity of his gamekeepers, when he suddenly saw through the trees, at a great distance, something which looked like a smock-frock. He instantly hastened towards it, becoming more and more convinced, at every step, that it was a countryman with a gun in his hand; but to his surprise this daring intruder did not seem to avoid him; and on a nearer approach, the gun transformed itself into a thick stick, and the man was found to be a respectable old man from the coast, hail and strong indeed, but upwards of seventy years of age.

He advanced direct as I have said, towards Sir Francis Tyrrell, looking him in the face, and pulling off his hat with a respectful bow. The baronet remembered to have seen him somewhere before, but could not tell where. He was impatient because he did not recollect at once; he was impatient because the man had not gratified him by turning out a poacher, and he was impatient because he stood respectfully in the middle of the way, waiting till Sir

Francis began without announcing his own business at once.

“What do you want? What do you want?” he exclaimed at length; “why the devil don’t you speak, and not stand bowing there.”

“Why I made bold, your honour,” replied the countryman, “to come up to speak to your honour about my poor boy of a son, who was sent to prison, your honour, and I thought—”

“And who the devil is your son?” demanded Sir Francis, “how can I tell who your son is, unless you tell me his name? Do you suppose I am to know every old man’s son in the country?”

“No, sir, no,” replied the old man, “that would be a hard job indeed, as you say: but I thought mayhap, you might know my poor boy, John Smithson, who was sent to gaol some little time ago, with the smugglers. I thought you might recollect him mayhap, and me too, seeing that I used always to serve the house with fish in your father’s time; ay, those were pleasant days!”

There are some people who might have been in a degree moved by this appeal. There are some people who might have smiled at it, and there are a great number who would quietly and reasonably have told the old man, that his son being committed to gaol, nothing could be done for him by the magistrate, but to leave him there to take his trial. Few, very few, are there, on the contrary, who would have acted as Sir Francis Tyrrell acted. He flew into a violent and most outrageous passion. He called the old fisherman a thousand times a fool, and an idiot ; told him—not that he could not do any thing for his son—but that he would not, and added a hope, that he might be transported, at least, as the law was weak enough not to hang the robbers of the public revenue, though it hanged those who took a few shillings on the highway.

The old man listened at first with surprise, and then with evident indignation, but he did not follow the bad example of the gentleman with whom he conversed, but gave way to no

passion, retorted upon the baronet none of his abusive language, but only replied from time to time, "Well that is a hard word! I didn't think to hear that howsoever at my time of life!"

Still, however, Sir Francis Tyrrell went on, and we have already remarked that he was eloquent upon such occasions; but he did not succeed in disturbing the tranquillity with which the old man listened to him, and of course became but the more angry at such being the case. He ended an oration which would have done honour to a Xantippe, by bidding the old man get out of his park, and never show his face there again, otherwise he would order the servants to horsewhip him.

The old man instantly put on his hat, and grasped his cudgel firmly while he replied: "I should be sorry to see any gentleman so disgrace himself by giving such an order as your honour mentions, and still soryer to see any of your powdered vallys attempt to execute it; for I think, though I be past se-



venty, I could manage to thrash two or three of them, master and men and all."

This still further excited Sir Francis Tyrrell's indignation, and though the old man began to move off as soon as he had delivered himself of his oration, the baronet continued to load him with abuse, finding no end to his copious vocabulary of harsh terms, till he was suddenly surprised by seeing old Smithson stop and turn short round upon him. The old man used no threatening attitude, and nothing on his countenance marked his anger, but the gathering together of his heavy white eyebrows as he marched straight up to the baronet.

"I'll tell you what, Sir Francis," he said, "you're a passionate man, and a bad man, and if all be true that's said, you treat your own lady and your son as bad as any one else. You'll repent all this some day when you can't mend it. You'll repent it, I say—I'm thinking God has tried you long enough, and it's time you should be taken away. Remember, there's been more than one of your kidney

has had his brains knocked out, and what has happened to another may happen to you ; so now good morning to you, master ; if the boy must stay in prison, he must—that's all."

Thus saying, he turned on his heel and left Sir Francis Tyrrell in a state of bewildered fury that it is impossible to describe. He had not sufficient command over himself to refrain from yielding to the most lamentable display of impotent rage. He shook his clenched fists together in the air. He stamped upon the ground—he almost foamed at the mouth. He cursed and he blasphemed aloud, and to crown all, with an extravagance of horror, that almost reached the ludicrous—he declared that he wished they would murder him that they might be hanged afterwards. Scarcely credible as this may seem, it was none the less true ; and for the moment, to such a height was his vindictive rage carried, that he did really and sincerely feel what he said.

This adventure, as may naturally be supposed, did not tend to soften or sweeten the mood of

Sir Francis Tyrrell, and he returned to his own abode more full of anger and violence than ever. He sought for somebody to vent his irritated feelings upon, and it is not improbable, that if Mr. Driesen had met him, at that moment, he would have quarrelled even with him, though, as we have thrice before remarked, they had lived in constant acquaintanceship through a long life without the violent passions of the one, or the utter want of principle of the other, ever ending in a serious dispute between them.

It so happened, however, that Mr. Driesen was invariably out of the way when Sir Francis Tyrrell's wrath was excited to such a pitch, as to be in absolute need of some outlet, and by this fortunate circumstance, as well as others, that worthy gentleman had uniformly contrived to keep well with his friend. Mr. Driesen then had, as usual, gone forth to walk, and as the necessity was strong upon him, Sir Francis strode up stairs and sought the apartments of his unhappy wife. She had no means of escape, and the moment she beheld him, she read

upon the dark and troubled page of his countenance, a page which she had studied with grief and agony for many a year, that some new suffering, some still greater aggravation of sorrow was in store for her.

But there is a pitch at which endurance ends, and where the most timid and the most gentle must resist. That point was reached between Lady Tyrrell and her husband. She had long contemplated taking a step which would decide her fate for the future, and the instant she beheld the dark and lowering brow of her husband, she nerved all her energies—she prepared her mind with the recollection of all the past, in order to fulfil the resolution she had taken. She felt that to live with Sir Francis Tyrrell longer, was to live a living death. Her son had now reached the period of manhood; for a very few days would see him of age. It was as desirable for him, as for her, that he should have another home open to him, where he might hope for peace and tranquillity, and every thought strengthened

her determination, and gave her vigour and force to carry it into execution. Had any thing been wanting, the words with which Sir Francis Tyrrell opened their interview would have been sufficient to render that resolution irrevocable.

"I intrude upon your privacy, Madam," he said, "for the purpose of informing you, that I have been made aware of the conduct which my son Charles—doubtless under your wise consent, approbation and direction—has thought fit to pursue towards Miss Effingham; and I wish you to know and fully understand the consequences which such conduct naturally produces."

"I am really unaware, Sir," replied Lady Tyrrell, "of what you allude to. I hope, and believe that Charles would do nothing towards Lucy Effingham, which could at all merit his father's displeasure."

"Doubtless, Madam," replied Sir Francis, "you are wonderfully innocent and ignorant; but you will excuse my feeling a difficulty

in believing your son has acted in that manner without your approbation and consent. I, therefore, shall certainly look upon you as an accessory in this business; and as you have enjoyed the satisfaction of teaching your son through life, the wise and just lesson of despising his father and refusing him all confidence, it is but right that you should be made aware of the fruits which such lessons produce."

Lady Tyrrell rose from her chair with a look which Sir Francis Tyrrell had never seen her assume before.

"One word, Sir Francis Tyrrell," she said, "before you proceed further. You accuse me now, as you have often previously done, of things in regard to which I am perfectly innocent and ignorant. I have never taught your son to disobey you, though your own conduct may have taught him not to respect you, and may have alienated the affection of a son full of strong feelings, as it has alienated the affection of a wife, who might have been taught to



love you dearly. More than twenty-two years of my life have been sacrificed to you;—my health, my happiness, my comfort, my youth have been blasted and destroyed by the ill-fated connection which united me to you. For my son's sake I have endured till now; but I will endure no longer, and I now tell you, Sir Francis Tyrrell, that this must be the last altercation between us, as it is high time that we should separate."

Sir Francis Tyrrell was certainly struck and surprised, for this determination was not at all what he had expected from a woman whom he fancied to be habitually his slave; but still there was far too much pride in his nature to suffer him to show the slightest disappointment or regret. On the contrary, he determined to punish and embitter an act that he could not prevent.

"Just as you please, Madam," he replied, "it is an arrangement I have long desired and coveted myself; but I too have been restrained by consideration for my son, and should have

proposed such a thing some sixteen or seventeen years ago, had I not apprehended that I might thereby have cast some doubts upon his legitimacy."

Lady Tyrrell gazed at him for a moment as if utterly confounded and bewildered by astonishment and horror. She knew by sad experience that there were few points of malignity, to which passion would not carry Sir Francis Tyrrell in his more violent moods; but pure as light in every word and thought and action, she had not believed that even human malignity itself would have dared to risk an insinuation against her honour. She gazed upon her husband, therefore—upon him to whom that honour should have been most dear and sacred, while he made an insinuation only the more terrible, because it was not direct—with feelings that defy all description; while he, glaring at her from under his heavy eyebrows saw, and saw with satisfaction, that he had succeeded in cutting her to the soul. The moment after, however, she turned deadly

pale, and, without replying a word to the base speech he had just uttered, fell fainting on the floor before him.

For a moment, Sir Francis Tyrrell, fancied she was dead, and he felt some degree of apprehension, if not remorse; but the next instant he perceived he had but cast her into a swoon, and thinking that but a light punishment for the offence of resisting his will, he merely rang the bell for Lady Tyrrell's maid, and told her to take care of her mistress, for she had fainted.

"Poor thing!" said the woman when she saw her, and those words, with the plaintive tone in which they were uttered, made Sir Francis Tyrrell feel that he was generally hated, and acted, therefore, as some retribution for the sufferings he inflicted. But such retribution had only a tendency to harden, not to mitigate, his feelings. To know that he was hated, made him seek to deserve hatred, and turning round to the woman, he said: "You have warning to go!"

The woman had been with Lady Tyrrell for many years past, and being of a naturally fearless disposition, she lost all awe when she lost respect.

"I am my Lady's servant, not yours, Sir," she replied, "and take no warning from you. I shall stay with her till she bids me go, and do my best to comfort her, which you do not."

"We shall see, Madam, we shall see," said Sir Francis Tyrrell, shaking his finger at her as he left the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

WE must now turn for a time to Charles Tyrrell, and give some further details of the events which had befallen him between his return to Oxford, and his recal to Harbury Park, which we have hitherto purposely omitted.

Although there were many things unpleasant in his situation, although the conduct of his father towards himself had sent him back, as usual, with unpleasant memories fresh upon him, yet there was something now in the storehouse of remembrance which made up for all. There was a drop of that elixir cast into his cup, which is described by one of the greatest painters of human nature that ever lived, Le Sage, as giving flavour and sweetness to the sourest, the bitterest, or the most insipid cup. He had loved, and was beloved, and

when he looked back upon the last short month, it seemed as if the whole of the rest of life was as nothing compared with what he had done, enjoyed, and suffered in that brief space. The memory thereof afforded him sufficient matter to occupy his mind till he reached the University, and then it still remained, a comfort, a consolation, a hope, a joy. It was to him as an angel stretching out one hand towards the future and the other towards the past, and scattering flowers over both.

We will not dwell upon the passing of a week or two, on the prosecution of his academical studies, on the society that he kept, or the amusements which the narrow means his father afforded him enabled him to seek. We are coming now to the more bustling and active scenes of the drama, and we must not pause upon many interludes.

Time slipped by quietly. Charles kept his word faithfully to Mrs. Effingham; he wrote not to Lucy. He sent her even no message when he wrote to his mother, though he never failed to mention her in his letters with terms



which he knew would induce Lady Tyrrell to repeat them to Lucy herself, and would show to her whom he loved, how deeply he still loved her. In so writing, to say the truth, there was perhaps a greater pleasure than there even would have been in writing to herself. There was something exciting and doubly interesting in the shadowing forth under anything that suggested itself, those feelings, wishes, hopes, and memories which he was forbidden to express more plainly. He now mentioned to his mother having met with some flower, or heard some song that recalled sweet moments passed in the society of Lucy Effingham ; it was now a picture he had bought which he longed to show her—it was now a book that he had read which would give her pleasure to read also—it was something now that she had said which he remembered and applied under new circumstances.

He certainly thought of Lady Tyrrell when he wrote those letters to her ; but neither Lady Tyrrell, nor himself, nor Lucy Effing-

ham could doubt that he thought of the latter too at every line he wrote. Lady Tyrrell could not help soon perceiving that her son was really and not nominally in love with Lucy Effingham ; but what between a mother's fondness and a woman's clear-sightedness, she had discovered something before, which gave her comfort and satisfaction. It was, that Lucy Effingham was not quite indifferent to her son.

The time thus slipped quietly away day after day, and Charles Tyrrell was calculating, with school-boy impatience, how many days yet remained to the holidays. He had totally forgotten, by this time, Lieutenant Hargrave, and everything concerning him. As soon as he had found that Lucy had never loved that personage, he had lost all feelings of enmity towards him, and his conduct in regard to the duel had only excited contempt.

A person we despise is soon forgotten, and such was the case in the present instance ; but he was suddenly roused one morning from such forgetfulness by having a note put into his

hands bearing Arthur Hargrave's name. It simply went to inform him that he had followed him to Oxford with his friend Lieutenant — for the purpose of settling the affair which they had been prevented from settling before. The servant who brought the note told him farther, that the gentleman who delivered it, had said he would call again for an answer, towards five o'clock ; and Charles, fully determined to have nothing to do further with a person who had before failed to keep his appointment, merely sent for one of his friends of the same college to witness the explanation that was to ensue, and waited patiently for the hour appointed.

At five o'clock precisely the Lieutenant of the revenue cutter made his appearance, and after the ordinary civilities, usual on such occasions, Charles Tyrrell informed him that by the advice both of the friend who accompanied him on the previous occasion and the gentleman whom he then saw present, he had determined to proceed no farther in the matter, having

already done all that was required of him, and not thinking himself bound to be at the beck and call of Lieutenant Hargrave, at any time that he thought proper.

"I am afraid, Sir," replied the Lieutenant, "that if you adhere to this resolution, you will seriously affect your own reputation. I am charged to give you a full explanation of the causes which prevented Lieutenant Hargrave from meeting you; and those causes will be found quite sufficient in the eyes of any man of honour."

Charles Tyrrell turned a questioning look upon his friend, who replied to him.

"Of course we must hear. What were those causes?"

"Why," replied the Lieutenant, "the revenue collector is a dishonest man, and with some degree of success. I am sure I am dealing with men of honour, who will not betray a trust, and the real cause of the delay is the revenue collector's dishonesty."

that after I left Mr. Tyrrell, with the full determination of bringing Lieutenant Hargrave to the ground appointed on the following morning, Hargrave informed me of his intention of carrying off a young lady, whom he said was willing to elope with him, and with whom he was in love."

Charles Tyrrell started off his chair, exclaiming, "The scoundrel! I trust, Sir, you had no hand in such a business."

"No further hand than might become a man of honour, Sir," replied the Lieutenant calmly. "He told me the young lady was ready to go off with him, he was quite sure; that she would have a large fortune at her father's death——"

"Why her father has been dead for many months!" exclaimed Charles Tyrrell, again interrupting him.

"There must be some mistake," replied the Lieutenant; "for I saw you talking to her father himself the very last time we met, and I was as certain as a man can be of anything in

this world, that old Longly was alive not eight and forty hours ago."

"Old Longly!" exclaimed Charles Tyrrell, "that is quite another affair. I beg your pardon, I interrupted you by mistake; pray go on."

"Well, Sir, as I was about to say, he told me if I would but carry them round to Guernsey or Jersey in the cutter, I should lay him under an infinite obligation, and it was settled that I was to land him that evening near the house; that he was to go to meet her with two of the boat's crew, to carry her things; that he and I were to land the next morning, to give you the meeting; and when he had shot you, we were to go on board again, and get under weigh for Guernsey."

"A kind, pleasant, and jovial arrangement!" said Charles Tyrrell, with a touch of his father's bitterness in his tone and manner; "pray what prevented it from succeeding?"

"Why two things," replied the officer; "in the first place, while we were away, the people

got intimation that it was Hargrave who had spied out the smuggled goods, and given the information which led to the seizure. His name, it is true, did not appear, but he was to have two-thirds of the reward. In the next place, you see the young lady was not quite so willing as he had represented her to be. We landed, indeed, at the hour appointed, and he went up with the two men and met her in the wood ; but then she did not choose to come away with him ; and when he made his entreaties somewhat too pressingly, and got one of the men to help him to lead her down to the boat, perhaps not quite so tenderly as might be, she set up a scream, which brought me up from the shore, and I insisted upon her being set free-directly. She then ran back to her father's house ; but it would seem the old gentleman had by this time found out the whole business, and refused to take her in ; so that if she had not met with John Hailes, the fisherman, and found shelter in his cottage, I do not now what would have become of her ; for by is time we had put off, and perhaps reached

the ship. Well, Hargrave and I had a bit of a quarrel that night, as you may suppose."

"I am glad to hear it. I am glad to hear it," exclaimed Charles Tyrrell vehemently, "for the honour of human nature, I am glad to hear it."

"Why I did not like the job, it must be confessed," replied the young officer; "but, however, as I had engaged to stand his friend in the business with you, I could not get off, you see, and we landed the next morning in time to be with you. How it was that the fishermen, and hovellers, and smugglers got an inkling of what we were about, I don't know. But it seems they had found out, not only that Hargrave had given information, but that we were going to land early that morning, and they had laid an ambuscade, just to the west of Stoney point; so that before we had got a hundred yards from the boat, they were upon us, and Hargrave was in their hands in a minute. They did not offer to hurt us, though they were five or six to one; but they thrashed him with the stretchers

in such a way, that I saw they would kill him outright before they had done, and consequently getting all the boat's crew together, I made a rush for it, and got him more than half dead out of their hands. They pelted us all the way back to the boat with large stones, which hurt several of the men; but we got off notwithstanding, and as soon as I could, I wrote a note to you, and going ashore higher up sent it off by a boy. I hope it reached you."

"It certainly did," replied Charles Tyrrell, "but not till after I had waited some time. However by your own account, Sir, this Lieutenant Hargrave seems to be so little of a gentleman and so much of a scoundrel, that I wonder you consent to present yourself upon his part."

"I do not intend to justify his conduct, or to make myself his champion, Sir," replied the commander of the revenue cutter, "and therefore we will put all that out of the question, if you please. Having once engaged in the busi-

ness, I do not choose to go back, and have only farther to say, that of course you will act as you please; but that the cause of Lieutenant Hargrave's conduct in not meeting you at the place appointed, having been explained, and that cause being that he was incapacitated from doing any thing, by the ill usage of a mob, it seems to me that a gentleman, a brave man, and a man of honour cannot refuse the appointment he before made."

"Well, Sir," replied Charles Tyrrell, "on your account, and to make it perfectly evident, that fear has nothing to do with the matter, I will meet him. I suppose if you, a respectable officer, and an honorable and gentlemanly man, do not refuse to second him, I must not refuse to fight him: but still, Sir, I must say that I look upon him as a scoundrel of the lowest and most ungentlemanly character, for whom the only proper treatment would be a horsewhip."

The Lieutenant bit his lips, "I must beg leave to decline giving any opinion of his character," he answered; "the task I have under-

taken I will accomplish, and I have only further to ask you to name the time and place."

The rest of the preliminaries were speedily arranged. Upon the particulars of the duel, we shall not pause. Every precaution was taken by Charles Tyrrell and his second, to keep the matter so private that it could not reach the ears of the academical authorities, and in this they succeeded perfectly. Charles met his antagonist at a considerable distance from Oxford, and, as he had predetermined, did not fire at him, though he made no display of firing in the air. The other fired at him and missed him only by a few inches; and the moment that exchange of shots had taken place Lieutenant Hargrave's second walked up to Charles Tyrrell, saying, "I ask you, Sir, as a gentleman, and a man of honour, whether you fired at Lieutenant Hargrave?"

"To a question so put," replied Charles, "I can but reply, that I did not."

"Then the business can go no further," said the Lieutenant. "I presume you agree with me

Sir?" he continued turning to Charles Tyrrell's second.

The other replied that he did so exactly; and without any further discussion the parties prepared to separate.

To Charles's surprise, however, he perceived as they were getting into the chaise, which brought them there, that Arthur Hargrave and his second parted also on the ground, with no other farewell than a cold bow on either side. Every precaution was adopted, in returning to Oxford, to avoid attracting attention, and by extreme prudence and care, not a whisper of the transaction spread through the university.

Every thing resumed its usual train, in the life of Charles Tyrrell, and he fancied the matter would never be farther heard of, when he suddenly was aroused from this dream of repose, by receiving the bitter but laconic note from his father, which we mentioned in a former chapter, bidding him come immediately to Harbury Park. The tone of this epistle led

him to believe, upon full consideration, that Sir Francis was acquainted with the whole affair of the duel, though of course he did not know, till he reached home, that his engagement with Lucy Effingham had been also disclosed.

He prepared, however, instantly to obey the summons he had received, and certainly did not suppose that his father, who had always been an advocate for duelling would now entertain any very serious wrath at what had occurred, if the matter were properly explained to him. Making his preparations therefore, with as much quickness as possible, he set out on the morning after the receipt of his father's note upon a journey, destined to prove the most important of his life. He followed the same course that he had pursued on his preceding journey, going first to London, and then making his way onward by the heavy night coach.

During the former part of the journey, namely, from Oxford to London, Charles

Tyrrell's thoughts were principally employed in endeavouring, by one effort of imagination or another, to divine who could be the person that had given Sir Francis Tyrrell information of an event which had been so carefully concealed as to be perfectly unknown to the members of university, within twenty miles of the spot where it took place. But the only person whom he could fix upon, was Lieutenant Hargrave himself, as he felt perfectly sure that that officer's second would not mention the matter : it having been represented to him before hand, that very serious consequences might ensue if it became known, by any chance, to the heads of the Colleges that a duel had been fought, by one of the gentlemen commoners.

The irritation which he felt, under these circumstances, was very great, and it was fortunate that Lieutenant Hargrave himself was not near at hand at the moment when Charles came to the above conclusion, as it is not improbable that he would speedily have resorted to

some sharp measure, for chastising what he conceived to be an unwarrantable breach of confidence. However, as we have said, it luckily so happened, that Lieutenant Hargrave was not in the coach, and even more, that there was nobody in it at all: for Charles Tyrrell was certainly in an irritable mood, and there are few men, let their disposition be what it will, who are not disagreeable companions when such is the case. Thus he had plenty of opportunity to torment himself with his own fancies, and in the course of that journey, he learned one of the most valuable secrets of the human heart, by long and solitary commune with his own, in a state of excitement.

People of an eager and impetuous nature when by any chance they fall into the sin and folly of anger, are apt to declare, that other people, or other things, have put them in a passion; when in truth—even if others have had any share in the business at all, which is not always the case—those angry people have been themselves the principals, and others only the

accessories. It generally happens that others may throw down for us a little smouldering straw, but it is our own thoughts and imagination that toss it up into a flame.

Charles Tyrrell felt that such was the case in his own instance; that he had worked himself up into a fit of anger, upon very unreasonable grounds. He detected the habit of doing so in his own mind, and he had sufficient firmness and resolution, as soon as he had detected that habit, vigorously to set about rooting it out.

As the first effort so to do, he resolved to think upon Lieutenant Hargrave no further; gazing forth from the window, he revolved with pleasure upon a thousand other things, remembered that the shooting season had already commenced, laid out a plan for being absent from home the greater part of the day, either occupied in the healthful sports of the field; or passing the hours in the society of her he loved best, and devising with her schemes for future happiness, building on foundations laid by

imagination with materials from the abundant store-houses of hope.

At length however he reached the great metropolis of smoke and industry, and then once more set out in the Old Blue for the park of his father. At a little distance from London however, the coach stopped, and a woman and a little girl, seemingly both out of health, and probably proceeding to the sea side for its recovery, applied to the coachman to be admitted. There was one place vacant in the vehicle and the guard represented that the little girl was young and small, and would occupy but little space, if the passengers would consent to her sitting on her mother's knee.

Against this proposal a fat lady, who, if equity ruled stage coaches, should have paid for two places instead of one, opposed her veto most vehemently, declaring that she would get out and take a chaise, and make the coachman pay, if any more than the legal proportion of passengers was admitted into the favoured vehicle in which she travelled. The poor woman

stood by the coach side, with her child in her hand, waiting the event of the discussion, and pleading by no other means than a look of care, and anxiety, and ill health. The little girl was a frail, delicate child, like a flower of the early spring, that the first frost might wither, and she looked up first to her mother's face, and then to the vehicle, as if asking what they were to do.

After listening for a moment or two, to the fat woman's objections, Charles Tyrrell put his foot out of the coach, saying, "My good lady, I will soon settle the matter; you shan't be put to the trouble of seeking a post chaise to-night, by having too many in the inside. Coachman, I will go on the top, and then there will be plenty of room."

The fat woman had nothing to say, but, "Well, I declare!" but the poor woman by the coach side, dropped him a low and grateful courtesy, and thanked him in a tone which could not be mistaken.

If it had been the coldest night of the year,

Charles Tyrrell would have been well repaid, for what was in fact no sacrifice. But it was clear, and beautiful, and warm ; and as the coach rolled along, with the fine summer's moon pouring her bright light over the sleeping world, he enjoyed himself highly, till a grey streak here and there upon the edge of the eastern sky, and a faint indescribable glistening about the tops of the hills, told that the orb of day was soon about to rise.

They had now come very near to the sea coast, and were within a few miles of the spot, where, winding round the deep shores of a small bay, the road turned to pass the park of Sir Francis Tyrrell. The distance by the road might be about ten miles ; through the wood it was less than half, and so fine had been the night, that Charles Tyrrell had almost made up his mind to alight at that spot, and take the shorter path in order to enjoy the morning freshness more at leisure.

As they approached the shore, however, and the day began to dawn, a thick sea fog came

on, unusual at that period of the year, but which took away all promise of pleasure from the idea of walking through the wood. The high road itself was scarcely discernible, and as they turned away from the sea again, to sweep round the bay and cut across the opposite point, they could hear the voices of persons talking close by the road, without being able to see where they were.

The coachman was going on at a furious rate, and one of the passengers who sat on the box had just said: "You had better take care, or you will run over something or somebody," when some object coming out of the wood on the left, which neither the coachman nor any of the passengers could see, startled the leaders, who dashed violently up the bank, on the opposite side of the road. The coach was carried after them and was instantly upset, and Charles Tyrrell with the rest of the passengers on the outside, felt himself instantly cast with enormous force towards the wood on the left.

Of what happened after for some time, he

had no consciousness. He felt indeed, a violent blow upon the head, but that was all; and when after a long lapse of time, he regained his senses for a few minutes, it was but to feel, or at least to think he was dying, and to sink again into insensibility. Those brief moments, however, had been sufficient for many a painful thought to cross his mind. He thought of Lucy Effingham certainly; but we must tell the truth, and acknowledge that the first, the deepest, the most painful thought was of his mother. Lucy he knew had other ties to life, and though she might grieve, she would not grieve without consolation. Lady Tyrrell had none but him, and, had he had power to speak, he might have exclaimed with the wounded cavalier, Prince Baldwin, in the Marquis of Mantua:—

“ O triste Reyna mi madre,
Dios te quiera consolar,
Que yà es quebrado el espejo
En que te solias mirar.

" Siempre de mi recelaste
Sobresalto de pesar
Ahora de aqui adelante
No te cumple rezelar."

However, as we have said, he spoke not; for there was a faint sickness upon him, a death-like sensation at his heart which took away all power; and the first feelings that assailed him, instantly cast him back into insensibility once more. How long he remained in this state, he of course could in no degree calculate; but when he at length opened his eyes again, he felt much better than he had been before, and could see around him, which had not been the case on the former occasion, when all had been dim and indistinct. It was night, and the place in which he was, had the appearance of a fisherman's cottage, and stretched upon a rough but clean bed, he gazed round, and saw several anxious faces watching him by the light of a single candle.

All those faces but one, were known to him, and they were those of honest John Hailes, the fisherman, his wife, and his eldest boy, who now apparently recovered from the injury he had sustained, but pale and eager with anxiety, was holding a basin under Charles's arm, while the blood flowed freely into it, from an incision just made by a gentleman in black, who was sitting by the bed-side, and whom Charles Tyrrell naturally concluded to be a surgeon. The medical man immediately saw that consciousness had returned, and slightly moving the arm backwards and forwards, he caused the bleeding to proceed more freely—every drop that flowed giving his patient greater relief.

After a short time, Charles found himself able to speak, and was about to ask some questions when the surgeon held up his finger saying ; " Perfect quietness, and you will soon be quite well ! There is no bone broken, no injury to the skull, merely a severe cut and concussion. But you must be perfectly quiet,

neither speak nor move, nor think if it be possible till to-morrow morning. I will stay with you all night, and not leave you till I am perfectly sure you are safe. Your father has been informed of what has occurred, as soon as these good people could send up to let him know. But their first care was of course most wisely to seek for medical advice, which rendered it late. You will soon be quite well, however, so keep your mind at ease."

His arm was then bandaged up, and by the surgeon's direction, Hailes and his wife and children left the room in which the young gentleman was, and retired into an inner chamber, keeping everything as quiet as possible. The surgeon then resumed his seat by his patient's bed-side, shaded the lamp, and applied himself to read, refraining from speaking even a word. Charles Tyrrell did not sleep for some time, however, and towards midnight the surgeon felt his pulse, and gave him something to drink, which seemed both to cool and tran-

quillize him: for in a few moments after he fell asleep, and did not wake till the sun was high up in the sky.

CHAPTER XV.

It may now be necessary to return for a time to the family at the Manor house, and without pausing upon all the minute events which varied the course of existence for Mrs. Effingham and her daughter during the first period of Charles's absence, we will come at once to the visit of Sir Francis Tyrrell to that lady on the day of his conversation with Mr. Driesen—a visit which we have already seen had no very tranquillizing effect upon his mind.

He at once spoke on the subject of his son's love for Lucy Effingham; but there were two motives which put a restraint upon Sir Francis, and which acting together were sufficient to prevent him from indulging in any violent outbreak of passion notwithstanding the excited state in which he had gone

down to the Manor. Neither of these reasons indeed would have been sufficient to act as a curb alone.

The first was a strong desire that Lucy should still become the wife of his son. It was a scheme of his own planning, a thing in regard to which he had so long made up his mind that he did not like to be foiled in it, even though he met with no opposition ; for though he would sometimes contradict himself when he could find nobody else to do it, and work himself into anger with his own impediments, yet in his favorite schemes he was more wilful than capricious.

His second motive was a certain feeling of respect for Mrs. Effingham, of which he had never been able to divest himself. He might have often called her a foolish woman to others, might have spoken of her religious feelings as fanatical, and found fault with many of her actions ; but there was something in her very placidity, in the constant presence of her reason and good sense in all that

she did, which had its effect even upon Sir Francis Tyrrell. He knew that under no circumstances could he induce her to quarrel with him. He knew that nothing would produce a high word or an angry argument; and he felt that her cool and clear-seeing mind would in a moment cut through everything like sophistry, and take the sting out of everything like sarcasm. In all his dealings with her, then, he was calmer, cooler, and more placable than with any other person on earth, not even excepting Mr. Driesen; for with Mrs. Effingham, Sir Francis did not dare to venture any of those sarcastic speeches which very commonly took place between him and his friend.

On the present occasion, then, he acted with wonderful restraint, pressed Mrs. Effingham on the subject, indeed, so far that she could not avoid without insincerity informing him of all that had taken place. But still to her he expressed no disapprobation of the marriage itself. On his son's conduct, indeed, he

launched forth most bitterly and vehemently—though not so bitterly and vehemently to her as he would have done to any other person.

She suffered him to come to an end, and when he had done, merely replied, "I suppose, Sir Francis, the truth is, that you have indulged in a little violence to your son occasionally, and that he, being of a quick and impetuous character himself, is anxious on all occasions to avoid coming into actual collision with you."

"You are charitable to him and me, dear lady," replied Sir Francis.

"No, indeed, Sir Francis," replied Mrs. Effingham, "I am only just. I have not, and shall not oppose Lucy's marriage with your son, if she be herself inclined to consent, because I think he has a number of good qualities and is a most honorable and upright young man; but I am not at all insensible to his defects, Sir Francis, and must acknowledge that had I chosen for my daughter, I should have chosen otherwise."

The little spirit of opposition thus thrown in had a wonderful effect in deterring Sir Francis Tyrrell from saying one word that could increase it; and for fear he should do so, he took his leave and hastened away as speedily as possible. As he went, however, he lashed himself up into the more fury against his son from the restraint he had put upon himself, and the result of his proceedings on that day we have already seen.

In the mean time Mrs. Effingham informed Lucy of all that had occurred, and the tidings certainly agitated her very much. But she was destined, ere two days passed, to be agitated still more. On the following day no one from the park appeared at the Manor House and Lucy passed the time in picturing to herself all sorts of unpleasant consequences to result from the opposition which she seemed to have pre-determined Sir Francis Tyrrell was to display in regard to her marriage with his son. Her mother had told her the simple truth, that Sir Francis had neither

expressed his approbation nor disapprobation ; and though Lucy's was a strong and hopeful heart, yet her feelings were too deeply interested not to have courted some fears and apprehensions even had such fears and apprehensions been unreasonable. Hope indeed revived, and put them out as evening came, and the next day she rose in the full expectation of some pleasant intelligence.

She would have gladly walked over to see Lady Tyrrell, but a sense of propriety prevented her from so doing, till something more had passed on a subject so near to her heart ; and Mrs. Effingham had ordered her carriage to drive out in a different direction, when Lucy's maid, while assisting her to dress for the expedition, informed her that the London night coach had been upset that morning, and two or three of the passengers had been killed. Such tidings, horrible in themselves, had at that moment a greater effect upon Lucy Effingham's mind than they would have had at any other time. Her heart was

unnerved, and rendered more susceptible of every painful impression. Her anxiety had reached that precise point where it does not give strength and energy, but weakens; and though she had not the slightest idea that Charles Tyrrell was likely to travel down to Harbury Park before three weeks had passed, yet the information struck her with new and sudden apprehensions which she could by no means banish.

Leaving her toilette half concluded, she ran to tell her mother what had occurred; but Mrs. Effingham did not seem to share in her fears; and towards evening, hearing nothing more upon the subject, she grew more tranquil.

Just as night was falling, however, the butler entered the room, and with the sad, but important face wherewith a servant generally communicates disagreeable intelligence, he began in the prescribed form: "I beg pardon, madam, but I am afraid there's a terrible accident happened."

"Do you mean in regard to the coach, Harris?" demanded his mistress. "We heard that in the morning."

"No, Ma'am," replied the man, "I mean that, indeed; but I mean that about young Mr. Tyrrell too."

Mrs. Effingham held up her hand to stop him, but it was too late.

"Let him go on, mamma. Let him go on," cried Lucy; "I have heard too much or too little. Speak, Harris, is he killed?" and she gazed on him fixedly, though with a face as pale as death, endeavouring to read on his countenance whether what he was about to say was the whole unvarnished truth.

The man who had known her from her infancy now guessed at once, both from her look and manner, and from that of Mrs. Effingham, how it went with her young heart, and he hastened to relieve her of at least part of the apprehension which he had cast upon her.

"Oh, no, Miss Effingham," he said, "Mr. Charles is not killed. Don't be afraid. He was

hurt a good deal, and was taken into one of the fishermen's cottages, down on the shore, which was the nearest place they could find, though that was many miles off the park. But he is not killed, and they say there is no doubt he will recover. I am quite sure of the fact, for I happened to be at the gate just now, as one of the fishermen came by who was going up to carry the news to the park; and he stopped to tell me the whole story."

After some further questions and answers, the butler retired, and Lucy advanced at once to her mother with a look of beseeching anxiety. "Oh, mamma," she said, "let us go to him."

"Quite impossible, my dear Lucy," replied Mrs Effingham. "Circumstanced as you are, quite impossible!"

"But, dear mamma," replied Lucy, more earnestly than perhaps she had ever pressed a request before, "it is the very circumstances in which I stand towards him which should make me go. Unless he were to set me free,"

she added with a blushing countenance, "I shall ever look upon myself as pledged to be his wife. Who, who then should be with him if I am to be absent?"

"But you forget, Lucy," replied Mrs. Effingham, "his father! Sir Francis has in no manner expressed his approbation of your future marriage with his son; and I cannot consent to your going, unless Sir Francis himself were to wish it. We must bear even the suspense, Lucy, and the only thing that can be done, is for me to go up and see what I can do to comfort poor Lady Tyrrell. Console yourself as well as you can, my dear Lucy, till I return, and never lose your hope and trust in Him whose right is our full faith and un murmuring submission."

As soon as the carriage could be brought round, Mrs. Effingham fulfilled her intention. But on arriving at Harbury park, she found that Lady Tyrrell had been ill in bed for the last two days—a brain fever the doctor called it; and her delirium ran so high, that she did

not recognize any one. While she was hesitating what to do, the voice of Sir Francis Tyrrell himself was heard, demanding eagerly if that was the carriage. The servant informed him that it was not, but that it was Mrs. Effingham who had called to inquire after Lady Tyrrell.

The baronet was at the door of the carriage in a moment, and soon found that Mrs. Effingham was already acquainted with the event that had occurred. He was dreadfully agitated, but his agitation had always anger as a sort of safety-valve, and now a great part of it flew off in wrath. He was excessively angry that the coach had been overturned, and though he knew nothing of the matter, he vowed that it must have been entirely the coachman's stupidity and folly, and that the punishment of having been killed on the spot was only what he deserved.

He was equally angry with Charles Tyrrell for having been hurt, and here he was upon surer ground, for he proved to a demonstration, that if he had been in the inside of the coach

where he ought to have been, he would not have suffered so severely. He was angry that the intelligence had not been conveyed to him sooner, though the coachman had been killed and the guard had his leg broke, and they were the only two persons about the vehicle, who knew his son's name and family.

His anger at his own servants, however, for not bringing up the carriage exceeded all, though Mr. Driesen who followed him out, intending to accompany him on his expedition, proved to him clearly that the order had not been given four minutes and a half.

"The best way, Sir Francis," said Mrs. Effingham as soon as she heard this fact, "will be for you and Mr. Driesen to come into my carriage; let me get out at the gate of the Manor House as you pass, and then go straight on yourselves."

Sir Francis accepted the proposal at once, for he was really anxious about his son, whom he loved as well as he could love any thing on earth, and getting into Mrs. Effingham's car-

riage with Mr. Driesen, he thanked her a thousand times for the proposal, adding, "It would be too great a favour to ask of you to come on with us to the place where this poor boy is lying. You must not think me hard-hearted, Mrs. Effingham; I am very sorry for him, and very anxious about him indeed."

"I see you are, Sir Francis," replied Mrs. Effingham, "and am really sorry for you; but I fear I cannot go on with you to-night, for you must remember, that I have one at home requiring consolation also, and requiring it not a little, I can assure you. Poor Lucy," she added, "she is terribly shocked, and wished to set off to see him at once; but of course I could not consent, Sir Francis."

"Why not, my dear madam? Why not?" demanded Sir Francis Tyrrell. "Why should not his promised wife go under the protection of her mother to see him, if she be inclined to do so?"

"She can never be his promised wife Sir Francis," replied Mrs. Effingham, "without his father's full consent."

"Oh that was a matter of course," replied Sir Francis Tyrrell, who at that moment would have consented to almost any thing. "You do not suppose, my dear madam, that I would ever oppose the union of Charles to a daughter of yours, and of my poor friend Effingham. It is the thing of all others I should most desire. I was only angry at his want of confidence."

"I could not tell your views, Sir Francis," replied Mrs. Effingham, "till you let me know them."

"I thought all that was fully understood," replied Sir Francis, though if he had looked into his own heart, he would have seen, that such had not been exactly the thoughts he had entertained: "pray," he added, "pray Mrs. Effingham, do not refuse to take Lucy to see him, if it will, as I doubt not, be a comfort to either of them."

"Now I understand you, Sir Francis," replied Mrs. Effingham, "I shall certainly not hesitate any longer. I will not keep you now, however, for it would delay you some time ; but I will go, and make Lucy as happy as I can, with the intelligence which I have to bear her. There are the gates I think."

It will be remarked that Mr. Driesen, during all this conversation had not proffered a word, and neither Mrs. Effingham, nor Sir Francis Tyrrell seemed to have regarded his presence in the least, looking upon him as an animal of that class too independent to be ranked with the toad-eater ; but which is known, I believe, by the name of a tame cat. Mr. Driesen's silence indeed, proceeded from feelings at work in his own bosom, not from any respect for either of his companions, inasmuch as Mr. Driesen had no respect for any one : there being an utter vacancy in his brain exactly at that spot where we are told the organ of veneration ought to be discovered.

However, shortly after, the carriage stopped

at the lodge of the Manor house, and Mrs. Effingham alighting, hastened to convey to Lucy, tidings that she knew would give her the greatest comfort, though they could not allay her fears for her lover. Lucy was indeed overjoyed at the tidings and it was no proof of the contrary, that the first effect produced upon her by the news of Sir Francis Tyrrell's full and unconditional consent to her marriage with his son, was to cast her into a flood of tears. She could not be satisfied however, without extorting from her mother, a promise to take advantage of the permission given, to visit Charles Tyrrell the next day, as early as possible, and Mrs. Effingham, who was the kindest and most indulgent of mothers, where no duty lay in the way, rose earlier than usual, and though still ill in health, put herself to many minor inconveniences, to gratify her daughter in what she conceived, a reasonable and natural wish.

The carriage was ordered to the door immediately after breakfast, although Sir Francis had sent a very favourable report of his son's

health, after having seen the surgeon who attended him, and witnessed the tranquil sleep into which he had fallen, by the time that he and Mr Driesen had arrived. Lucy's heart beat high and anxiously as they proceeded on their way, and certainly never did eight or nine short miles appear so long to travel, as those which lay between the Manor house and the fisherman's cottage.

Lucy Effingham and her mother were obliged to quit the vehicle some time before they arrived at the cottage, and to proceed on foot; and before they had reached the door, Lucy had wrought herself into such a state of anxious excitement that she was obliged to pause and take breath. Every thing as they approached the house however bore a peaceful and a tranquil aspect.

It is wonderful how prone is the heart to draw its auguries even from slight causes. The sight of the children playing at the door, of a couple of fishermen sitting at the shady side of the house, mending their nets, and one

of them whistling while he did so, were to Lucy Effingham, "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ," that the tidings of Charles Tyrrell's improved health were not deceitful. The step of the two ladies upon the shingly shore made one of the fishermen look up. It was good John Hailes himself, and the moment his eye fell upon Lucy he recollected her at once, and advanced in his usual abrupt way to meet her, answering before it was put, the question which he knew was uppermost in her heart by saying, "He's a great deal better, ma'am. He'll do quite well, I'm sure."

Lucy made no reply, but eagerly advanced to the door, and laid her hand upon the latch, not observing that one of the fishermen made the other a sign to remark what she was about, and that both of them seemed somewhat embarrassed.

Yielding to nothing but her own feelings at the moment, Lucy opened the door and went in, and as she did so, somewhat indeed to her surprise, she beheld a very beautiful girl, dressed

in a manner far different from that which might be expected in such a scene, retreating quickly into the inner chamber. At the same moment, the surgeon who was still sitting by the bed-side of Charles Tyrrell held up his hand to her, as if to beg her to make no noise, and she perceived that her lover was still asleep.

No feeling like jealousy crossed Lucy's breast for a moment. She thought the appearance of the girl she had seen, strange indeed, and felt somewhat curious to know who she was; but nothing more, and her whole attention was turned, in a moment, to her lover, who, whether by the sudden opening of the door, and the coming in of the sunshine, or by some other cause, began to wake almost at the same moment that Lucy entered. Mrs. Effingham who had followed her closely, however, and was more familiar with scenes of sickness and danger than herself, laid her hand upon her arm, and drew her gently back out of the cottage, saying in a low voice: "Let him wake up completely,

Lucy, before he sees you ; for if he feels for you, as I believe he does, it will agitate him a good deal."

Lucy obeyed at once, and remained for a short time, with her mother, conversing with the fishermen on the outside. From them they learned, that John Hailes and his companion had both been on the road at the time the accident happened, and had carried Charles down at once to the cottage, as the nearest place of shelter. He had remained perfectly insensible for many hours, and the two fishermen were proceeding to enter broadly into all the horrible details of the accident, when Mrs. Effingham put a stop to a narration, which she saw would agitate her daughter, by begging one of them to go in and ask the surgeon to speak with her. This was done immediately, and after a short pause, the medical man appeared.

From him, Mrs. Effingham and Lucy heard a still more favourable account of the invalid.

" I apprehend no danger whatever, Madam,"

he said ; " the young gentleman is evidently of a very strong and powerful constitution, which made me at first, indeed, more apprehensive of the consequences ; but all the symptoms have now taken such a turn, that strength and vigour will only serve to restore him the more rapidly to health. The brain is now quite free, and nothing more is required than care, attention and tranquillity for a few days, in order to prevent all evil results."

In answer to a subsequent question of Mrs. Effingham, the surgeon replied, that he could see no objection to herself and her daughter visiting his patient, when he was properly prepared. That he might be so, the surgeon then went in to tell him that they were waiting without, and in a few minutes Lucy was sitting by the bedside of Charles Tyrrell with her hand clasped in his.

We shall not pause to depict the joy that he felt at seeing her. We shall not dwell upon the gladness and rejoicing of his heart, that

his father's full consent had been given to their marriage. That consent seemed to open his heart to new feelings towards a parent, who had lost by his own fault, the first great tie, filial love, upon one full of every warm affection. He was unconscious that Sir Francis Tyrrell had come down to see him on the preceding night, and Mrs. Effingham, one of whose rules it was, to tell every thing that might promote good and kindly feelings, and to be silent when she could not do so, painted the agitation and anxiety of Sir Francis Tyrrell in such terms, that for the first time in life, Charles Tyrrell really believed he was beloved by his father. His heart instantly beat warmly in return; but alas those feelings were soon destined to be drowned in others, dark and terrible indeed.

On Lucy's visits to her lover, we shall dwell no more. They were repeated on the two following days, and on one of those, she again saw the same female figure retreat before her, which she had beheld on her first visit. Still

Lucy was not jealous, for she was of a confiding nature. She could only love where she doubted not, and when she did love, her trust was not easily shaken.

On her third visit, Charles Tyrrell was rapidly recovering, up, and dressed, and sitting at the door of the cottage. The surgeon had given a sort of half consent to his going to Harbury Park on the following day, and to say the truth, there was not the slightest reason, as far as his own health was concerned, why he should not have done so. Mrs. Effingham, however, held a moment's conversation with the surgeon apart, and that gentleman's opinion seemed to be considerably changed thereby. He felt Charles' pulse some time after they were gone, shook his head gravely, and expressed doubts as to the propriety of his attempting the journey.

Towards evening, when he returned, after having been absent for some hours, he declared that he must not think of it; that there was a tendency to fever in his pulse, and

various other signs and symptoms of not being so well, with which Charles's own sensations did not correspond in the least. He was persuaded, however, to submit, and it may scarcely be necessary to tell the reader, that the cause of all this was the health of Lady Tyrrell. The day on which Charles had first proposed to return, was the day on which the physicians had declared the crisis of her disease would take place, and on the following day, Mrs. Effingham, who never shrunk from a painful task, and who undertook to tell Charles that his mother had been at the point of death, had the satisfaction of being enabled to add, that she was no longer considered in danger.

Still the news agitated Charles Tyrrell a great deal, and he now felt how ill he himself had been. He was only the more anxious, however, to return home as speedily as possible, and on the following day, he arrived at Harbury Park, and took up his post by the sick bed of his mother. Lady Tyrrell recovered very slowly; Charles saw little of his father;

and the day of his coming of age, which was the second after his return, passed without mark or rejoicing in a gloomy and melancholy house.

CHAPTER XVI.

WE must pass over a brief space with but a slight sketch of its events. Charles Tyrrell stole daily some hours, to spend with Lucy Effingham, and the rest of his time was chiefly spent in the sick chamber of his mother. Of Sir Francis, he saw but little.

For several days, joy at his son's recovery, somewhat softened the temper of Sir Francis Tyrrell. But that amelioration soon wore off, and though Charles took an opportunity of telling him, simply and feelingly, how grateful he was for the kindness and anxiety he had shewn respecting him during his illness, Sir Francis did not think him grateful enough, was piqued at the attention he showed his

mother, alluded more than once with a sneer to what he called the cabal up stairs, and wondered when there would be a change in the ministry.

When Charles thanked him for the anxiety he had shewn respecting him in his illness, he thanked him also for the consent he had given to his marriage with Lucy Effingham. Sir Francis cut him short, however, "You have nothing to thank me for," he replied sharply, "you chose for yourself, without putting any trust or confidence in me. It so happened that your choice chimed with my opinion; but I have a good deal more to say upon that subject, which shall be said hereafter, and which may not be quite so pleasant to you."

Charles very well understood from these words, that Sir Francis, as was frequently the case, wished to hold over his head, as a drawn sword, the vague expectation of some future retribution for having ventured to own his love to Lucy herself, without making him

acquainted therewith. As he had often experienced, however, that such vague menaces produced no effects, he did not make himself uneasy. But that which alarmed him more than any thing which fell from his father's lips, was a certain degree of anxiety which he beheld constantly in the countenance of his mother, and her informing him more than once, that there was a matter which weighed much upon her mind, which she must tell him soon. She put it off, however, from day to day, and the disinclination she had to speak, served more than any thing to confirm Charles in the belief, that what she was about to tell him, was not only important, but painful in a great degree.

The fourth inmate of the house, for such Mr. Driesen seemed entirely to have become, had lost much of his good spirits, was grave, thoughtful, somewhat irritable. His books seemed no longer to have that charm for him, which they once had possessed, and he passed the greater part of the day, either in reading and answering letters, or in walking about the

grounds with his hands in his pockets. He would sometimes, indeed, amuse himself by throwing a stone at a squirrel, and succeeded in knocking one off a branch; but he did not pursue this long, and there was a restlessness about him, which seemed to show that he was ill or unhappy.

Such was the state of the family at Harbury Park, at the end of about nine days after Charles Tyrrell's return, when Sir Francis entered the room, one morning, while Mr. Driesen was sitting reading the newspaper, with the gathering of a coming storm upon his brow.

"Driesen," he said, "we have all been young men in our days, and so I suppose I must overlook it. But I am afraid that boy of mine, Charles, is playing the fool, and as far as Lucy Effingham is concerned, the black-guard too. He has twice ridden out for three or four hours at a time down to the sea side, and I hear there is a girl there that he goes to see. This shooting, to which he has taken within this day or two, has, I fancy, the same object. You know what a good shot he is, and yet he

brings back very little game. There is evidently something going on, Driesen : I see his gun brought down, the gamekeepers waiting, and every thing ready. Now it's an even chance, that he brings home no more than half a dozen partridges and a cock sparrow after being out for four or five hours."

"There are two classes of consummate fools in the world," replied Mr. Driesen, "the fools that cannot open their eyes, and the fools that cannot shut them. The first are very annoying to every body round them. But the second are very annoying to every body else and themselves too. Pray, Tyrrell, take care what you're about," and turning round, he went on with the newspaper, without waiting for any reply.

Sir Francis, however, would most likely have given him one spontaneously, for he was not a man to be called a fool without having his revenge. But his attention was turned in another way by the entrance of his son. Charles was dressed for shooting; but

his countenance was very pale, and he was evidently a good deal agitated.

"I wish to speak with you, Sir, for a moment," he said, addressing his father somewhat abruptly.

"Well," exclaimed Sir Francis, staring him in the face, "if you come to speak, why don't you speak?"

"Because, Sir," replied Charles, "I think on every account, what I have to say, ought to be said in private."

"Oh nonsense," replied Sir Francis, "here is nobody but Driesen. Solemn conferences, my most sage and erudite son, always require protocols; and here is Driesen, shall put them down for us."

"Well, Sir, if you insist upon it," replied Charles, "I must go on. What I came to speak to you about, was the subject of my mother."

"Well, Sir, what of her?" interrupted Sir Francis; "I hope she is well this morning."

"Neither so well in mind or body, Sir, as

she might be," replied Charles ; " but it is in reference to a conversation with you immediately previous to her illness, that she has desired me to speak with you."

" I suppose she has told you that that conversation produced her illness," exclaimed Sir Francis, sharply ; " but you will learn, young man, some day, that women can falsify the truth."

" Nearly as well as men," added Mr. Driesen, suddenly rising, and moving towards the door. " You two fiery gentlemen make the room too hot for any cool and quiet person ; so I shall quit it."

" And the house too, if you please, Sir," said Sir Francis Tyrrell, in a loud tone.

But Mr. Driesen did not appear to hear him, and retired with the same steady step. He closed the door after him, and father and son were left alone.

What followed nobody has ever known. The gamekeepers came out and took their

posts in the hall at the appointed time ; the butler lingered about to open the door for Master Charles, whom he had loved from his infancy, and to give him his hat, and gloves and gun ; and Lady Tyrrell's footman, who had been sent down with a small note from her to her son, on finding that he was with Sir Francis, lingered beside the butler in the vestibule.

At first the conversation between Sir Francis and his son, whatever might be its nature, did not make itself heard beyond the precincts of the library ; but gradually the voices of both were heard rising louder and louder, in that fierce fiery tone that could not be mistaken. The voice of Sir Francis became a shout, and the deep tones of Charles were heard replying like distant thunder. The servants looked at each other with dread and apprehension ; for although but too often they had heard and witnessed the angry contentions which arose in that family, there seemed to be a deep conviction upon all of them that this was something

more serious, more terrible than ever before occurred. The butler could resist it no longer, and put his ear to the key-hole.

"Good God!" he cried, after listening for a moment; "run, William, to Mr. Driesen; ask him to come here, for God's sake; for I am afraid of mischief. Tell him there has never been anything like this in the house before."

The man obeyed instantly; but before Mr. Driesen appeared, though to do him justice, he made as much speed as possible, the door of the library was thrown back, as if the hand that opened it would have dashed it from its hinges, and Charles Tyrrell, appeared as pale as death, with the exception of a small red spot in the centre of either cheek. The voice of Sir Francis Tyrrell was heard screaming after him at the very highest pitch of passion; but the only words which were distinct were something about "Your father." They caught his son's ears, and instantly made him turn with flashing eyes and a quivering lip.

"My father!" he exclaimed; "do you call

yourself my father, after the words you have just spoken? Out upon it!" And snatching his hat, gloves, and gun from the servant, he rushed forth into the open air.

The freshness seemed in a degree to recall him to himself, and seeing the gamekeepers following him with the dogs, he paused upon the lawn, saying, "Not to-day—not to-day; I shall not want you—I have no time left," and he dashed into the wood along the path, that very path which we have described in the beginning of this work, and which some way farther on, divided into two, leading to the long walk of beech trees, called the ladies' walk, on one hand, and to the walled kitchen garden in the middle of the wood on the other.

In the mean time, Sir Francis Tyrrell had remained leaning with his hand upon the table, and trembling in every limb with passion. In a minute or two, however, he seemed seized with a sudden desire of following his son, and rushing out into the vestibule, he demanded his hat in a sharp tone. The man was as long in

finding it as it was possible. He brought his master first one of his friend's and then one of his son's hats. But Sir Francis said nothing; for his thoughts were so intensely concentrated upon other subjects, that the petty obstacle was scarcely known.

By the time he had got his hat, however, Mr. Driesen was at his side, and laid his hand upon his arm, saying, "Tyrrell, Tyrrell, listen to me!"

"I have no time to listen," replied Sir Francis, and pushed past him. Mr. Driesen, however, followed him beyond the door, and caught him by the arm again, saying:

"Nay, but you *shall* listen to me, Tyrrell."

"Then you shall listen to me first, Sir," replied Sir Francis, while his eyes flashed fire at feeling himself forcibly detained. "Let me tell you a secret, Mr. Driesen, which it may be convenient for you to know, let me tell you a secret!"

Mr. Driesen bent down his head to listen with a cynical smile upon his countenance; but

whatever it was that Sir Francis said to him, it banished all smiles in a moment, and turned him very pale.

"I will not believe," he replied, "that you could act so ungentlemanly a part."

"You will see, Sir, you will see," rejoined the baronet, with a menacing air, and breaking from him, he dashed into the wood by the self same path his son had taken.

When he was gone, Mr. Driesen stood in the midst of the lawn, putting his hand more than once to his head, as if the sun incommoded him. The butler who saw him, wisely ran and brought him his hat, which he took, still remaining in a deep fit of thought.

"You are right," he said, at length, putting on the hat; "I had better go after them, for they are in a terrible state."

Thus saying, he walked on towards the corner of the wood, but there paused for a full minute, as if still undecided what to do. He then went on along the path, but not long after returned, and, walking into the library,

paused for a moment in thought, and then went up to his own room ; after which he soon came down again, apparently quite satisfied that everything would resume its own course when the momentary storm had blown over.

About an hour after, while he was still sitting there with the newspaper in his hand, Charles Tyrrell entered in haste and evident agitation. He said nothing to Mr. Driesen, who only looked up, for a moment, from the paper, but passed on to his own room, where he locked himself in, and remained for some time alone.

Not half an hour more had elapsed when one of the gardeners was seen running across the lawn at full speed towards the house, and with the interval of a minute, five or six of the men servants issued forth with the gardener, carrying a sofa between them. There was a great commotion in various parts of the house, a running to and fro, the voice of many tongues, and even the maids gathering round the door that opened into the front vestibule. All their eyes were turned in one particular direction, and at

the end of about twenty minutes the men were seen returning, bearing upon the sofa the form of some person, who seemed, from the sad and careful manner in which he was carried, to have received severe injuries.

When they arrived at the door, the men set down their burden, while the glass wings were thrown open ; and there before the threshold of that dwelling, which his own violent passions had rendered miserable to all it contained, lay the body of Sir Francis Tyrrell, cold, still, inanimate, and already beginning to grow stiff. A small thin trickling stream of blood over the pillow of the sofa showed that the injury he had received, and which had caused his death, must have been inflicted on the back of his head, while a slight contusion on the forehead, together with some earthy stains upon the breast of his coat, evinced that he had fallen forward, and that the blow had come from behind.

Mr. Driesen had by this time come to the door, attracted thither apparently by the noise, and he now stood gazing upon the countenance

of his dead friend, evidently much affected, but struggling against his feelings, and expressing neither sorrow nor surprise. All that he said was,

“Take the body into the library. Send for the coroner immediately, and bid the keepers scour the whole park and country round on horseback and on foot, to see for any stranger lurking about.”

The butler gazed silently in his face for a moment, shut his teeth tight, and shook his head with a meaning sadness.

“Do as I bid you,” answered Mr. Driesen, sharply; “and remember that every word now spoken is of importance. I know that his life was threatened some days ago by a man in the park, for he told me so.”

The butler made no reply, but turned his eyes to one of the servants who came behind, and who was not engaged with the others in carrying the body of his master. The man had a gun in his hand, the cock of the right

hand barrel was down, and the white dust surrounding the pan showed that it had been recently discharged. A single glance was sufficient to show that it was the gun of Charles Tyrrell, the same gun he had taken out with him in the morning. Mr. Driesen made no observation however, but by a slight frown, and the body was carried into the library as he had directed.

"Go and give the orders I mentioned," continued Mr. Driesen, speaking to the butler, as soon as they had set down the body, "while I go and inform Mr. Tyrrell, who has been in some time."

"Indeed! Sir," exclaimed the butler, "I did not see him come in."

"But I did," replied Mr. Driesen, "he passed through the library some time ago, and went to his own room."

Thus saying he ascended the stairs, and knocked at the door of Charles Tyrrell's room."

"Come in!" said the young gentleman in a calm voice: but on turning the handle of the door, Mr. Driesen found that it was locked. Charles however, unlocked it instantly, and on looking towards the washing stand, Mr Driesen saw that he had been washing his hands, and that the water was bloody.

"Charles," he said fixing his eyes upon him, "I have some very bad news for you."

Charles Tyrrell turned very pale, but he replied nothing, and Mr. Driesen went on, "Your father has been found dead in the wood, apparently murdered."

"Good God!" exclaimed Charles Tyrrell. "Where was he found?"

"That I cannot say!" replied Mr. Driesen, "but they have just brought home the body, and I thought it right to come and inform you of the facts myself, especially as you and Sir Francis had quarrelled so violently in the morning, had gone out together, at least one following the other closely, and as your gun

seems to have been found by the men very close to the dead body—”

Charles Tyrrell instantly strode past him to the door; but Mr. Driesen laid his hand upon his arm, and stopped him, saying in answer to the look of indignation which came upon the young man's countenance, “Charles, I do not in the least suspect you; but these men below evidently do, and I have said what I what I have said, because it is right you should be aware and upon your guard. There may be circumstances of suspicion attached to the most perfect innocence, and in such circumstances it is absolutely necessary to be guarded. I speak to you as a friend, Charles Tyrrell, who wishes you well most sincerely. All I say is, be on your guard, remembering, that though perfectly innocent, you may be placed in a painful situation by the least imprudence.”

Still Charles Tyrrell made no reply; but opened the door, walked out with a firm step, descended the stairs, round the foot of

which the greater part of the servants of the house were collected, and demanded,—“Where is the body of my father?”

The butler pointed to the library without speaking, and Charles Tyrrell at once went in.

The sight that met his eye, however, seemed to strike and affect him deeply. There lay the parent with whom he had passed the greater part of his life in struggles and contentions, which had indeed embittered it terribly! There he lay! but with all those strong and fiery passions quelled for ever; the fierce lightning of the eye gone out, the sarcastic sneer cleared away from the lip, and nothing left upon the countenance to denote the fierce and menacing spirit which had once dwelt therein, except the stern frown which had become so habitual on the brow as to affect the muscles themselves and leave a deep indentation, that even death could not do away. There he lay, calmer than he had ever been seen in life! and as his son gazed upon him, and marked the small

trickling stream of blood which had oozed forth and stained the sofa on which he was stretched all but the terrible fact was forgotten, and the quarrels, the contentions, the violence of the past were like faintly remembered dreams.

A crowd of emotions, many of which he had never felt towards his father before, rushed at once upon Charles Tyrrell's mind, and clasping his hands together in agony, the tears rolled silently down his cheeks.

Several of the servants followed him into the room, though Mr. Driesen had remained without, and as soon as the young gentleman had recovered some degree of composure, he questioned them at length upon all the particulars connected with the discovery of his father's body. He then asked if the coroner had been sent for, and finding that such had been the case, he retired to communicate the event to his mother.

We shall not attempt to depict the feelings of Lady Tyrrell, nor pause to trace any further the events of that day, as the imagination

of the reader may easily supply, the facts which did not in any degree tend to promote the ultimate result.

Early on the following morning, however, a coroner's jury assembled at Harbury Park, and after having been sworn, proceeded to view the body, which was recognized by several of the persons present, who had known the deceased gentleman under various circumstances. After having gazed at it for some time, and made several remarks, as impertinent and insignificant as the remarks of coroner's juries generally are, the jury again returned to the drawing-room, and commenced their investigation of the facts. The coroner himself was a sensible man, and a man of good feelings, and consequently the inquiry was conducted with as much decency and propriety of demeanor as possible.

In the first place he besought the jury emphatically, to dismiss from their minds any rumour which they might have heard, previously to their entering the house. To look upon the

case solely in reference to the evidence that was to be laid before them, and to remember that they had power to adjourn as often as necessary, in order to gain additional information, so that their verdict might be calm and deliberate, and not pronounced without full conviction.

At the suggestion of the coroner, the first person examined, was the gardener who had discovered the body, and had called the servants to carry it to the house. He declared, that, being as usual about to go up to the house for orders from the housekeeper, he had come out of the walled garden, by the door which opened into the path, leading to the mansion. At first he had remarked nothing extraordinary, but just as he had passed the tool shed—which we have noticed before as defacing the outside of the high walls—he saw a gun lying on the ground, and thinking it was most likely that of some poacher, who had been pursued by the keepers, and dropped it in his flight, he took a step

out of the way to lift it, when beyond the next tree he saw something like the body of a man, and on approaching, beheld his master. He was lying on the ground, he said, with his face buried in the leaves of the wild plants, and he had a large ragged wound in the back of his head, which he described in a manner that we shall not dwell upon; suffice it that he must have died instantly, as the whole charge of the gun at the distance of a very few yards had been lodged in the brain. There seemed to have been no struggle, he said, for the ground was not at all beaten up. He must have had his hat on when he was shot, from the fact of a considerable part of the charge having passed through it. There was a great deal of blood upon the ground round about, he added; but no traces of footmarks of any kind, the ground being hard and dry. Horrified at what he had seen, he ran as fast as he could to the house, and brought up a number of servants to aid in removing the body, and had taken them to the

spot, where the body remained just as he had seen it.

After he had concluded his own account, the coroner questioned him, as to whom he had seen in the garden or the park during the course of the day; and the only one of the family he had seen, had been his young master, who, about an hour before the body was discovered, had entered the garden by the door leading from the mansion, had looked about eagerly for a minute or two, and then crossing the garden had tried the opposite door, which was locked. The gardener who was at the other end of the ground, and saw this proceeding, advanced for the purpose of opening the door; but before he reached it, his young master was away amongst the apple trees and other thick plants, and he did not see him any more.

These particulars, it is to be remarked, were drawn forth by the questions of the coroner, and were evidently detailed unwillingly; and when the man had concluded, the coroner told him to quit the room; but not the house.

as he might very probably be called upon again to give further evidence,

The other servants were then examined, and their testimony confirmed in all respects the gardener's account of the finding of the body. The only further fact of importance produced by their examination was, that the gun which had been found near Sir Francis Tyrrell, was one belonging to his son Charles, with which he had gone out that very morning. This immediately pointed suspicion, and the butler, who proved that the gun was the same which he had given to his young master, when he was going out, was ordered to remain.

The coroner then looked to the jury in silence, as if to see whether they would ask any further questions or not. No one spoke, however, and he himself paused, and seemed to hesitate. At length, however, he murmured to himself, "It must be done!" and he began a series of questions addressed to the butler, calculated to elicit all the particulars of

the quarrel between Sir Francis Tyrrell and his son in the morning.

Though the man softened the whole business as much as he could, without falsifying the facts, it became evident to the jury that Charles Tyrrell and his father had quarrelled severely, more so indeed than they had ever been known to do before; that the son had gone forth with his gun in his hand; that the father had followed him, and had never returned alive.

"Was the gun charged or not, when you gave it to your master?" demanded the coroner.

"I have always charged it for him since he was a boy, Sir," replied the butler, "and did so yesterday morning also."

While this examination proceeded, Mr. Driesen was in the room; but Charles Tyrrell was voluntarily absent, and as the former had been mentioned several times by the servants, the coroner next proceeded to examine him.

He told as much as he knew of the quarrel between Sir Francis and his son in the morning, stating every thing with his usual precision ; and then he detailed how the servants had come to seek him, fearing some violence would take place on the part of Sir Francis towards his son. When he came down, he said, he found the baronet excited to a greater pitch than he had ever beheld ; and he further stated, that on attempting to stop him from going after his son, Sir Francis had told him in a low voice, that it was his intention not only to deprive Charles of every thing that he legally could, but to destroy the title deeds of his entailed estates rather than that his son should possess them. He had remonstrated, he said, and pointed out that it would be most ungentlemanly so to do ; but that Sir Francis had broken away from him, intimating that his resolution was not to be shaken. He had followed him, he added, along the path he had taken in the wood till it had separated into two, and then not know-

ing which branch Sir Francis had pursued, and not seeing him upon either, he had returned to the house, trusting that either the father would not overtake the son, or that the quarrel between them, as had been frequently the case within his own knowledge before, would pass away and be forgotten.

He seemed inclined to pause here, but the coroner proceeded: "I think," he said, "one of the servants informed us, that you were the first person who notified to the present Sir Charles Tyrrell the awful event which had occurred in his family. Be so good as to detail what took place upon that occasion."

Mr. Driesen did so; but not altogether sincerely. He stated broadly the fact of having gone up to Charles Tyrrell's room, and informed him that his father had been found murdered in the wood, and he dwelt much upon the surprize and horror which that young gentleman had seemed to feel, and which could not be affected. He also added that the servants had informed him, that Charles

Tyrrell, on going into the room where his father's body lay, had been affected even to tears.

The servants were then recalled to prove these facts; but the coroner thought fit to question several of them in such a manner as to ascertain that there had been spots of fresh blood found upon Charles Tyrrell's shooting jacket, and that the water in which he had washed his hands after his return home, had been apparently bloody. The latter facts, as well as the fact of the door having been locked, Mr. Driesen had taken care to conceal; but it tended directly to increase the suspicions of the jury against Charles Tyrrell in a very great degree, and when the servants were again dismissed, the coroner sent at once to that young gentleman, in order to notify to him that his evidence would be required before the jury.

Charles immediately obeyed the summons, and the coroner, after a short pause, during which he seemed embarrassed by painful emo-

tions, and feelings for the young man himself, said: "I grieve very much, Sir Charles, to have to call you at all upon this painful business, and still more to have to caution you that there are circumstances connected with your conduct during yesterday, which may prove of such very great importance to yourself at an after period, that it will be well for you to weigh every word, and not to speak any thing, the tendency of which you have not fully considered.

The young gentleman merely bowed his head, and the coroner then asked him to go on, and to detail as much as he thought fit of the events which occurred to himself during the preceding day.

Charles replied at once: "Were it independent, Sir, of the death of my father, that day would be, from various other events, the most painful of my life. On the morning of that day, which I had appointed for shooting, my mother explained to me the particulars of a discussion of a most unhappy kind, which

had taken place between herself and my father, and which had ended in an agreement to separate for ever. Illness had prevented her previously from executing her resolution, but she deputed me to inform my father, that that resolution was unchanged, and to arrange with him the necessary preliminaries.

“ I mention these painful facts to account for the serious dispute which ensued between my father and myself upon the subject. His conduct and his language became so violent, that feeling my own temper every moment giving way, I left him, and went out into the park. As I had intended to shoot, every thing had been prepared for that purpose, and I took my gun from the hands of the servant quite unconsciously. The keepers were waiting without with the dogs, but feeling that I was in no state to enjoy such an amusement, I told them I should not want them, and walked on. I still had the gun in my hand, and kept it till I reached the door of the garden, when finding that it put me to inconvenience, I

leaned it against the wall under the tool shed, and walked on, intending to take it up as I came back again. I forgot it, however, entirely, and returned to the house without it, nor thought of it more till I heard that it had been found near the dead body of my unhappy father. That father I never saw again from the time I left him in the library, at about half past eleven o'clock, till the time he was brought home a corpse. This, I believe, is all that I have to state. But any question which may be asked me I am very willing to answer, provided it affects myself alone."

"In the first place, then," asked the coroner, "will you permit me to enquire if there is any one on whom your own suspicions fix as the perpetrator of this horrid act?"

"On none," replied Charles Tyrrell, "in particular. My father informed me, and I understand, also informed Mr. Driesen, here present, that he had been threatened by some man in the wood a week or two ago, while I

was still at Oxford. The particulars I never heard, but most likely Mr. Driesen, who was here at the time, can give them to you."

The coroner turned to Mr. Driesen, who was still in the room. But that gentleman replied: "I cannot, indeed, give any information of an accurate kind. Sir Francis Tyrrell returned one day in a state of very great excitement, and at dinner informed me that he had met with an old man in the wood, with whom he had quarrelled, and who had thereupon menaced him with the same fate which had befallen one of his ancestors, who had his brains knocked out. He added, that it would be some pleasure if they did murder him, to know that they would be hanged for it; but he did not add the old man's name, nor mention many of the particulars."

The coroner paused, and then again addressing Charles Tyrrell, he said: "You mean distinctly, Sir, to state that you did not meet your father in the wood, nor see him at all again till after his death?"

"Most distinctly," replied Charles; "I never saw him after I left the library at about half past eleven o'clock."

"Did you see any one else in the course of your walk?" demanded the coroner.

"Yes, several people," replied Charles Tyrrell. "I was out more than an hour, and saw a number of different persons."

"Who might they be?" the coroner demanded, "as far as you can recollect."

"In the first place, I saw the head gardener," replied Charles, "for I went into the garden, intending to pass through it to the other side of the wood, and he was on the left hand side, at the extreme end."

"Did you pass through it?" demanded the coroner.

"I did pass through it," replied Charles Tyrrell, "but not directly. Finding the door locked on the opposite side, I turned to the gardener's house, which is near, and passed through it, there being a way from it into the wood."

The coroner looked round to the jury with a well satisfied smile, glad to find that the young gentleman's account corresponded exactly with the gardener's.

"Pray, who else did you meet in the course of your walk," he continued,

"Oh, several people," replied Charles Tyrrell, vaguely; "I saw woodcutters, the gardener's wife, a man lopping some trees, one of the fishermen who occasionally come up to the house, and generally pass by what is called the park stile."

"Did you speak with any of these persons?" demanded the coroner. "And if so, what might be the nature of your conversation with them?"

"I did speak with some of them," replied Charles Tyrrell, colouring a good deal. "But with regard to the nature of my conversation, with them, in one instance at least, I must decline stating it. I do so, because it concerned others as well as myself, and related to matters which I have no right to mention."

" I should think, Sir," replied the coroner, " that no persons would object to your stating the conversation you held with them, considering the circumstances in which you are placed, and I am very desirous indeed, Sir Charles Tyrrell, that you should be explicit; for the jury are anxious to arrive at a calm and just conclusion, and I fear, under present circumstances, that our decision must be a very painful one."

" Whatever is your decision, Sir," replied Charles Tyrrell, " it cannot induce me to violate confidence reposed in me, or to repeat a conversation, which might produce injury to others."

" Had that conversation any thing to do with the present case?" demanded the coroner. Charles Tyrrell replied in the negative, and the coroner went on in the same kindly tone which he had used throughout.

" There are several things to be explained Sir," he said, " which must be left for you to do, or not, as you think fit; but only let me point

them out to you, and observe that if you will satisfactorily account for them, it may spare a great deal of pain to all parties. There can be no doubt that the unfortunate gentleman, the causes of whose death we are about to investigate, was killed by the gun, which you carried out in the morning—that he went out to seek you—and that the feelings of both were highly irritated at the time. You say that you never saw him after leaving the house—that you laid down your gun against the wall of the garden, and entering the garden itself, proceeded in a direction leading away from the spot where the murder was committed. So far you are borne out by the testimony of the gardener; and if you can account for the time which afterwards elapsed, showing any of the persons that you spoke with, or who can prove that they saw you under such circumstances as to establish that you could not have been on the spot at the time, Sir Francis Tyrrell was killed—even if you give us strong probabilities to suppose that such was the case, we are very willing to take your pre-

vious high character, and the natural affections of human nature into consideration, and give you every benefit of doubt. It may be also necessary for you to account satisfactorily for the blood which appeared on your shooting jacket and on your hands, as you say that you laid down the gun, without having discharged it at any of the ordinary objects of field sport. Let me beg you to consider the matter well, and make such a reply, as will save unpleasant results."

Charles Tyrrell paused for a moment and thought deeply, first turning his eyes towards the jury, and then towards Mr. Driesen, as if he would fain have asked his advice ; and there can be no doubt that his heart was terribly agitated at that moment, for if it had been horrible to him beyond all endurance, to lie even under the suspicion of having raised his hand against his father's life : what was it to run the risk of having the suspicion confirmed, perpetuated and put upon record for ever, by the verdict of a coroner's jury ?

After maintaining silence however for nearly five minutes he said, "I am very sorry to be obliged to reply, that in regard to neither of these points can I satisfy you. I am bound in honour to be silent, and silent I must be, let the risk be what it may to myself."

"This is very strange and very painful," said the coroner. "But, gentlemen, our duty must be done. Is the evidence sufficient to satisfy you?"

The jury assented and the coroner went on :

"Then I have only to point out to you," he continued, "that it has been proved by various witnesses, that a violent quarrel existed between Sir Francis Tyrrell and his son; that his son went out first and Sir Francis Tyrrell followed, for the avowed purpose of continuing the discussion which had begun in the morning. The son was seen shortly after in the immediate neighbourhood of the spot where his father's dead body was found; was absent some time from the house, and returned without his gun, but with his hands and

clothes bloody ; that the period of his absence is not accounted for, nor the marks of blood explained ; that his father's body was found close to the garden which he had entered ; that the gun, which he had carried out with him, was found discharged close to the body, and that the death of the late Baronet had evidently taken place by the discharge of a gun, loaded with small shot, within a few feet of the back of his head. Gentlemen, I do not presume to point out in any way, the verdict to which you must come, but now leave it to you to say, what course shall be pursued, whether you will adjourn for more evidence, or proceed at once to a verdict."

The jury consulted for a single moment apart and then the foreman said, "There is no occasion at all, Sir, to adjourn. We think the evidence quite sufficient, and we are unanimous in our verdict. The coroner then demanded, the verdict in the usual manner and the foreman replied at once, "Wilful murder against Sir Charles Tyrrell of Harbury Park."

There was a good deal of bustle and excite-

ment in the room as soon as the words were spoken, though every one had seen to what point the investigation was tending. The only person who was perfectly still was Charles Tyrrell himself, who, though deadly pale, showed no other sign of agitation.

The coroner instantly proceeded to draw up a warrant, and before he left the house, put it into the hands of one of the constables.

Mr. Driesen advanced, and spoke a few words to the prisoner, in a low voice and in a kindly manner. But all the rest of those present, stood aloof gazing on him with feelings in which awe and horror swallowed up entirely every thing like sympathy and compassion.

Charles Tyrrell found himself alone, desolate and abandoned in his paternal mansion. A weary sickness of heart came over him, a recklessness, a despair. He longed to see and take leave of his mother, before he was hurried to a prison. He longed to write, if it were but a few lines, to Lucy Effingham. But he had

not strength or energy left for any thing, and in a few minutes, the carriage was brought round, which was to convey him to the goal, and, getting in between two constables, he was carried rapidly away to the abode of guilt and misery.

CHAPTER XVII.

By a small dull lamp in the best chamber of the prison, which however was bad enough, sat Charles Tyrrell about four nights after the period at which we last left him. The passing of the intermediate lapse of time had wrought a terrible change in his appearance: the rosy hue of health had fled; the fulness and roundness of youth had given place to the sharp lines of care and sorrow; and the quick and fiery eye was dull and heavy, having none of the light which used to beam from it in former days. The handsome features, the fine, noble expression of countenance was indeed still there, but in every thing else, Charles

Tyrrell was an altered being. It was not indeed confinement that had produced this change but grief, for the room was on the first floor of the prison, and as airy as any it contained.

In those days, great discretionary power was entrusted to the governors of such places, and it so luckily happened for the prisoner in the present instance, that the governor owed his place to the interest of the Tyrrell family, and always retained for them great veneration and respect. There was something too in the whole demeanour of Charles Tyrrell which had impressed him from the first with a belief of his perfect innocence ; and, as the time before his trial was not likely to be long, the assizes being just about to commence when this unfortunate occurrence took place, he determined to make him as comfortable as possible and do every thing in his power to make him forget his imprisonment. Thus the young gentleman had pen, and ink, and paper

by him, books in abundance, and every thing which could occupy his mind, and turn his attention to less painful subjects.

He had heard from his mother, who had summoned up great courage and resolution upon the occasion, and was labouring diligently to provide means for his defence; and he had written two letters, to neither of which however, he had received any answer. The one was to Lucy Effingham, and the other to Everard Morrison. Charles Tyrrell, however, neither doubted the friendship of the one, nor the affection of the other. But he was anxious and uneasy. He feared that the horrible events which had occurred might have made Lucy ill, and he longed too for assurances that she did not regret having connected, by the bond of affection, her fate with one who seemed to have been of late marked out for mischance and unhappiness.

There are few minds that can endure calmly an enforced solitude. We may encounter evil and dangers without shrinking or fear. We

may undergo sorrows and pains with firmness and resolution. In almost all cases where freedom is left, and a communion with our fellow men, imagination links itself with hope sooner or later, and carries us on to brighter scenes, and happier days. But in the solitude of a prison, gloom and despondency are the companions of fancy. She takes none of her suggestions from the bright storehouses of hope; she sits and ponders with us over bitter memories or spreads out the sombre future like a pall.

Charles Tyrrell strove energetically to nerve his mind, and to resist the suggestions of despair. But which way could he look? what could he do? if he thought at all, what were the images presented to his mind? His dead father murdered and followed to the grave by menials alone: his mother with her heart torn and agonized, forcing herself from the bed of sickness to exert herself on his behalf, while every word that she must hear, and every act that she must do, could only serve to wring her

heart more painfully, and call up every fearful impression of the past and the future: his promised bride, her he loved better than any thing else on earth, with all her young happiness blighted, all her bright prospects gone, mourning ineffectually over his fate, and sorrowing for his ruined character and wounded name: and then the future, the dark, inscrutable, terrible future, that vast interminable cloud, filled with objects that we know not, but which to the eyes of Charles Tyrrell, rolled into every frightful form, and assumed every dark and threatening hue.

With these things, and such as these, were his thoughts busy about eleven o'clock on the fourth night of his imprisonment, when one of the turnkeys opened the door and Everard Morrison presented himself. Charles advanced and grasped his hand eagerly, saying, "I thought you would come, Morrison, I have been longing for you, to consult with you on various matters."

Morrison was very pale, and there was an

anxious and excited look about him, which Charles Tyrrell had seldom seen.

"We are all selfish, Sir Charles," he said, replying to his friend in the respectful tone which he always used, "we are all selfish; and I have been occupied for two days after your note arrived in business of my own; but now let us speak upon your business, Sir Charles."

But Charles Tyrrell required a friend, and the formality with which the other spoke, pained him.

"Do not call me Sir Charles," he said; and forgetting the restraint he had considerably put upon himself in former times, he went on, "I, at least, Morrison, have ever retained for you the same regard which we mutually entertained at school. I have sought you! I have courted you, as far as it was decent or proper for me to do so, and I have not even been offended by coldness, which might have offended others. Why you have acted so I cannot tell: but—"

"I will tell you at once why I have acted so," replied Everard Morrison, taking his hand

and grasping it affectionately. I have acted so, deliberately, even at the risk of offending you. My father when he heard of the intimacy between us, laid before me a picture of my fortunes such as they were, and he showed me, that there were two paths for me to follow : either to seek associations above myself, and take my chance of rising by patronage and assistance to eminence in my profession and to society of a high grade ; or to content myself with the middle class, in which I was born, apply myself under him to diligent study and constant exertion, to choose calm mediocrity, and tranquil competence, rather than to accumulate wants and wishes, necessities and cares even while I strove to amend my condition. My choice was easily formed. I chose the humbler path, because I believed it would prove the happier ; and the only real sacrifice that I made, was the sacrifice of your society, Tyrrell. I had forgotten none of our boyish friendship ; I have forgotten none of it now. Every kind act that you have done me, every

generous or noble feeling which I had remarked in your nature have ever been present to me through life. I at one time indeed thought that I could effect a compromise, and still cultivate your friendship, without stepping out of my own station. One visit to Harbury Park, however, convinced me that that could not be; for although you were everything that was kind and friendly, your father treated me as the small attorney's son. That trial made me resolve to guard my own demeanour towards you with a sort of iron respect, which I have observed up to the present moment. It was that made me call you Sir Charles; but the matter is now altered, Tyrrell. I can serve you. I can be something more to you than the small attorney. I can be your zealous, your true, I trust, your successful friend. But you must put full confidence in me, Tyrrell."

"Why, you don't think me guilty!" exclaimed Charles Tyrrell.

"Oh no," answered Morrison, "I think you innocent; nay more, Tyrrell, I *know* you

to be innocent; for I know the very spot on which you stood at the moment your father's murder must have taken place."

"Do you know who did it?" exclaimed Charles eagerly, grasping his hand, and gazing intently upon his countenance.

"No, I do not," replied Morrison; "I cannot even form an idea."

"Then we are as much at sea as ever," cried Charles Tyrrell; "for unless we can clearly show some one to have been guilty, this stigma, let me prove what I will, will always lie heavily upon me."

"There is something more to be thought of, Tyrrell," said Everard Morrison, "something far more important. It is to save a life."

"Life I care not for," replied Charles Tyrrell, "at least not half so much as honour. But surely they would never think of condemning me in want of more substantial proof than that which already exists."

"Men have been brought to the scaffold on half as much," replied Everard Morrison;

“and you see, Tyrrell, there is no time to act. I have been over myself to Harbury. I have seen all the witnesses; and I as a lawyer tell you, the case is strong against you. I strove to ascertain whether the gardener could positively state the time that you were in the garden, whether you had the gun with you then or not, and whether he had heard the report of a gun after you had passed through the garden. But he had not observed if you had any thing in your hand or not, could not tell the time of day with any precision, and had heard several guns in the course of the morning, of which he took no notice. The evidence Tyrrell, is all against you, and you have but one choice.”

He spoke earnestly and solemnly, and presented to Charles Tyrrell's eyes his probable fate in a far more awful point of view than that in which he had hitherto seen it.

“Good God!” thought the unfortunate young gentleman, “to stand in the spring time of youth upon a public scaffold, con-

demned to die for the murder of my own father, gazed upon, hooted at perhaps by an abhorring multitude, and by an awful and degrading death to end a life in which I have known so little happiness, to leave the heart of a mother broken, and to scatter untimely sorrows on the bright morning of one whom I love more than life !”

It was horrible, very horrible, and he gazed eagerly and painfully in the countenance of his friend, as that friend placed boldly before his eyes the fate that was likely to befall him.

“I know, Charles Tyrrell,” added Morrison, when he found his companion did not reply, “I know that you do not fear death ; but I know that you fear disgrace, dishonour, and a blackened name. Once the fatal ordeal over—once the appearance of your guilt sealed completely by your condemnation and death, and there will be scarcely a motive, scarcely an object, scarcely a means, to remove the load from your memory and cast it upon another. Tyrrell, I tell you again you have but a chance.”

"And what chance is that?" demanded Charles Tyrrell. "I see none."

"Oh yes, there is," answered Morrison; "you know there is, Tyrrell. You must either say where you were during the whole time you were absent from the mansion. You must account for the blood upon your hands and clothes. You must tell the whole story in short."

"And what will be the consequence if I do?" demanded Charles Tyrrell. "You seem to know more, Morrison, than you say; if I do, tell me, what will be the consequences?"

Everard Morrison looked steadfastly in his face, and clasped his hands tight together.

"Why do you ask me?" he said, "why do you ask me? But as you do ask me, I must tell you. You will save your own life. You will do much, though not all, to clear your own name. But you will doom two others to the gibbet."

"Then God be my friend," said Charles Tyrrell, "for I will not do it!"

Everard Morrison cast himself upon his bosom, and wept like a child.

"Noble, generous creature!" he cried; "but still, Charles, still think what you are doing. I am commissioned to tell you, that you are at liberty to do as you please; that nothing shall be denied; that nothing shall be concealed that you may choose to reveal."

"No, no, Morrison," cried Charles Tyrrell, putting him back from him with his hand. "Morrison, do not tempt me! No, I would rather die an honest man than live a scoundrel! though such a death is terrible indeed."

"But you have not heard the alternative," replied Morrison.

"Is there any other but death?" demanded Charles Tyrrell.

"Yes, there is," replied Morrison. "It is a hazardous and most dangerous one. But yet it can be tried, and I am willing to run my share of the risk, which will even be greater than yours."

"What is it, Morrison?" demanded Charles.

"I fear no risks myself; in fact, in my situation, all risks vanish."

"That is true," replied Morrison, "and you are no worse, at all events, than you were before. The alternative is, to attempt to escape."

"But shall I not, by the very effort," demanded Charles, "whether successful or unsuccessful, establish the truth of the charge against me, and deprive myself of the power of ever proving my innocence?"

"No," replied Morrison, "no, far from it. On the contrary, you give yourself the only opportunity, for you gain time. If you stay, as far as I can see, you stay for certain death; if you can accomplish your flight, you give us an opportunity, in the first place, of laying out plans for detecting the real murderer. In the second place, you give time for another person, whom we will not name, to escape; but who is now so strictly watched, on other accounts, that he dare not ride out by night, for fear of creating suspicion. As soon as he is safe from



pursuit, you can explain the whole, and I will take care that every thing shall be done to make your explanation clear, sure, and convincing. Suspicion indeed will hang upon you till the real murderer be found; but in the mean time your own life will be saved; the danger will be removed from others, a great part of the suspicion against yourself will be done away, and you will be placed beyond all risk, if we can but effect the escape."

Charles Tyrrell took one or two turns up and down the room ere he replied; but he answered at length,

"It is well worth the trial, Morrison. I like not the thoughts of compromising you; but if I can escape without so doing, it is worth running any risk to accomplish it. Of this I am fully convinced."

"Fear not for me," replied Morrison; "I will take my chance willingly, and of course I shall use the greatest precautions to prevent implicating myself in any degree further than I can help, inasmuch as my staying in security

here is of the greatest importance to you and others. Sit down then, at once, and write two notes, one to your mother, begging her to act in any way that I shall direct her, if you are not afraid of placing such great trust in me; the other must be addressed to Miss Effingham, expressing an extreme desire to see her."

"I have every confidence in you, Everard," replied Charles Tyrrell; "but indeed I cannot ask Lucy to come here. I would not for the world that she should come to such a place."

"She shall never see your note," replied Morrison; "it is for other eyes, not hers, that I want it. You are of course closely watched. One of those who watch you we can deceive, and I think we can bribe the others, not to aid indeed, but to connive, and that is all that we require."

"I do not understand your plan at all," replied Charles Tyrrell; "but I put every trust in you, and will write the notes directly. If you want money to bribe the people, I have plenty upon me: for my mother sent me the day before yesterday a very large supply."

"I wonder the governor let you have it," replied Morrison; "but give me a hundred pounds. I may as well begin operations to-night.

Charles Tyrrell followed his directions implicitly in every thing. He had known him from boyhood, and he knew that there was no doubting him. He therefore wrote the notes and placed them in his hands together with the money, and Morrison looked satisfied and even joyful.

"I cannot insure success," he said; "but we have a chance and a good one. I will not tell you my plan, as perhaps it is well you should be ignorant of it, till it is executed. Only be prompt to do exactly what you are told at once, and without question; and under no circumstances venture any exclamations of surprise."

Charles smiled with a melancholy look, as he replied, "I think, after what has occurred to me within the last few days, Everard, that I

should show no surprise at anything. But I will do exactly as I am told, and endeavour to be quick and ready."

"Well then, good night," replied Everard, "for I will not know what sleep is, till I have arranged all this business."

Thus saying he left him, and the night passed over with Charles Tyrrell in sleepless anxiety.

On the following day, however, at about one o'clock, Everard re-appeared; bringing with him a famous barrister, who had obtained a high reputation for eliciting truth in criminal cases, even when concealed by almost impervious art. On introducing him Everard said with a meaning smile, "I have had the honour, Sir Charles Tyrrell, of giving your retaining fees, which as usual have been graciously received, and now have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. ———, who will advise with you on your defence, better than I can do. I have only to say, that you

must be well aware of the necessity of making your counsel fully acquainted with all the particulars of your case."

What took place between Charles Tyrrell and the barrister, is needless to recapitulate. The learned gentleman thought a very good case could be made in favour of his client, and seized all the particulars with a rapidity and precision, which perhaps, none but lawyers are capable of displaying. Everard Morrison took his leave at the same time with the barrister, and departed, merely pausing to say to his friend, "Don't go to bed till you hear more."

The governor, who really took an interest in the young Baronet, was standing in the lobby when the two lawyers came out, and knowing them both well, he nodded familiarly to the barrister, saying: "I hope, Sir, you'll be able to make a good case for poor Sir Charles."

"Oh beyond all doubt," replied the barrister. "The young man is as innocent as you or I, my good friend. One sees it in his

every look, and his every word. But he'll be hanged to a dead certainty, or I don't know an assize jury !”

Thus saying, he wished him good bye, and walked on with young Morrison.

The rest of the day was spent by Charles Tyrrell almost in solitude. The governor visited him once, and hoped he had every thing to make him comfortable ; and the turn-keys bringing in his food, and inquiring if he wanted anything, produced the only interruptions to his own sad thoughts, till about half past nine o'clock at night, when the governor came in to say that he had just had a note from Mr. Morrison saying, there was a lady at the Crown inn, wished very much to see Sir Charles Tyrrell, if it were but for a few minutes.

“ Good God, it is Lucy !” cried Charles Tyrrell, remembering the note that he had given on the preceding day ; but he added instantly ; “ She should not have come at night.”

"Why you know, it pleases many ladies better, Sir," replied the governor; "for they don't like to be seen coming into a prison, and a crowd is apt to gather about at the gate. But I am sure I have no objection to your seeing her if you like. Mr. Morrison says he does not know who the ladies are; but I dare say that the young lady, that we've heard of down at the Manor, is the one that wants to come."

"Of course, now that she *is* come," said Charles Tyrrell, "I should like much to see her;" and after a few more words of the same kind, the governor went away to send a message to the inn.

In five minutes after, the door was opened by one of the turnkeys, and a female figure entered, dressed in the very height of the fashion. She looked round her, with some degree of bewilderment apparently, through the thick black veil that covered her bonnet. But from the dress, from the whole appearance, and from the height, Charles Tyrrell saw

at once that it was not Lucy Effingham. He advanced towards her, however, and took her hand, and the turnkey who had paused to witness the meeting, closed the door.

The moment he had done so, the veil was lifted, and to Charles Tyrrell's utter surprise, he saw the countenance of the good fisherman's wife, Mrs. Hailes, whose child he had saved from great peril when the boat drifted out to sea.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It wanted about a quarter to eleven o'clock at night, and Lucy Effingham sat alone in the drawing-room of the old manor house, leaning her fair face upon her hand, and bending her head over a book which, however, she did not read. All the old accustomed objects were about her, the things with which she had herself taken a delight to decorate the abode of her mother, and the ornaments which had been collected there before they arrived to make the house look pleasant to their eyes, by him who had now gone down to a cold and bloody grave. She had thought the place when first she saw it a little paradise; every object in that drawing-room she had noted and approved; the large China jars, the few fine and deep-toned paintings, the exquisite

bronzes scattered here and there, the tables of marqueterie and mosaic, and all those thousand little ornaments which, either for their rarity or their beauty, convey, through the eye, pleasant impressions to the mind, even while busied more intently with other things.

Now, however, when she looked around her, and thought of the past and the present, the feeling excited by the view of things connected with happiness gone by, was nothing but that sickening sensation, mingled of regret and despair, which takes possession of the mind of youth when first dark disappointment falls upon it. Her's was not indeed a spirit to yield, and give itself up to sorrow without a struggle. She had much firmness and determination of character, mingled with gentleness of heart and sweetness of disposition, and she had struggled long, powerfully, and successfully to keep down, as far as possible, every expression of her grief, so as not to lay a deeper load upon the mind of her mother, already depressed with anxieties, and cares, and sorrows, not a few.

“ I am young,” thought Lucy, “ and can bear my share ; but into her cup so many woes have lately been poured, that it is near the overflowing.”

Thus when her mother was present, Lucy had power, for her sake, to stop almost every expression of her grief. But when she was alone as now, when Mrs. Effingham had gone up to the park to spend the evening in consoling Lady Tyrrell, the motive, the great motive for self-command was gone, and she sat with her head bent down over the book, and her eyes fixed upon it : but those eyes were sightless of any word that it contained, and from time to time poured forth tears, which fell upon the page, and left it as if it had been lying open under a spring shower.

It need not be said that her thoughts were of Charles Tyrrell, of their blighted hopes, of their happiness destroyed, of his probable fate, of the awful question, whether he was really guilty or not. She had remarked often, very often, the fiery impetuosity of his nature ;—she had heard,

and heard exaggerated, many an anecdote of his passionate boyhood;—she had seen how continually his father irritated him, till human nature could scarcely bear it any longer;—and she had heard of the terrible dispute, and its still more terrible cause, which had taken place between the father and the son on that fatal day; and she asked herself, again and again, whether it were really possible that, driven into actual frenzy by his father still pursuing him, Charles Tyrrell might not have raised his hand against that father's life.

She had never spoken with her mother on the subject, for she knew that if she did, she could no longer command her feelings. The letter which Charles Tyrrell had sent to her, had only reached her on that very morning, and in it he had made no allusion whatever to his guilt or innocence. It was filled throughout with words of deep and burning affection. He had felt as if, in writing it, he were pouring forth, for the first, and perhaps the last time, all the deep and energetic passion of his heart. The awful

situation in which he was placed—the terrible scenes through which he had gone—the mighty importance of every moment, as it then passed by, seemed to raise, and elevate, and strengthen, and excite, till love assumed more than love's own eloquence, and the soft words of affection became sublime.

She had read it. She had determined to answer it; she had determined also to beseech her mother to let her go and visit him in prison. But she had felt also that she could neither trust herself to do the one or the other during that day; for the letter had itself unnerved her, and she required some time to recover strength and calmness sufficient to speak with her mother on the subject.

When Mrs. Effingham had set out for the park, Lucy had determined to employ the evening in struggling to overcome her feelings. But it was with her, as is too often the case when we sit down with such a determination, alone, and unaided by other motives:—we are ourselves overcome in the struggle, and our

feelings triumph over us rather than we over them. She had given way ; her whole thoughts had turned to grief and despondency, and the evening that she thus passed alone was sadder, darker, more despairing, than any that she had passed since the fatal event which had interrupted all her prospects of happiness.

She thus sat then, with her head bent over the book, and her eyes filling again with tears, though she had dried them often, when she thought she heard a noise in the conservatory, which joined the drawing-room on the southern side, and extended up to the plantation which led away towards the park. It was as if something had struck against the window ; and, after listening some time with a beating heart, to hear if it returned again, Lucy opened the glass doors, and going into the green-house, gazed out through the windows upon the night. The round, yellow, autumnal moon was shining clear and bright in the sky, and she could see every thing upon the lawn and slopes that surrounded the old manor house ; the sparkling stream that

flowed along at the foot of the declivity, the grey stone bridge with its Gothic arches and massy piers, and the square tower of the old church beyond, almost as clearly as if it had been day. No moving object was to be seen in any direction: but she thought she heard a rustling in the shrubbery close by, and with some degree of fear, but more surprise, she retreated into the drawing-room as speedily as possible, closing the doors behind her.

A moment or two after, there came a loud ring of the house-bell, and she thought "That must be Mamma returned; but it is odd, I did not hear the carriage."

The next moment, however, the butler appeared, saying,

"There is a gentleman of the name of Morrison, Miss Lucy, below, who wishes to see you immediately."

"Morrison," said Lucy, thoughtfully, "it must be a mistake, Harris. You must mean he wants Mamma. I know nobody of the name of Morrison."

"No, Miss Lucy," replied the butler; "he asked for you and you only, and I have heard that he was a friend and school-fellow of poor Mr. Tyrrell,—Sir Charles Tyrrell indeed, as I should now call him."

Lucy turned a little pale with agitation, but she directed the butler to shew the gentleman in; and in another minute Everard Morrison was standing before her.

He was pale and somewhat haggard; but perfectly calm and composed.

"I beg pardon, Miss Effingham," he said, without sitting down, though she had pointed to a chair, "for intruding upon you in this manner, and at this moment ——" As he spoke he turned his head over his shoulder, to see that the butler had shut the door—"but I do not know whether you are aware," he proceeded, "that I had the honour of being a school-fellow of Sir Charles Tyrrell."

Lucy could only bow, for she was too much agitated to reply:

"I am forced to be abrupt," continued

Morrison, "for there is no time to be lost. Sir Charles Tyrrell is, as you know, accused of a horrible crime. There are particular facts, which I cannot explain to you at present, which would prevent him from proving his innocence, except at the expense, and indeed utter destruction, of two other persons. Under these circumstances, he has judged it better to attempt to escape."

Lucy clasped her hands together, exclaiming, "Good God, has he succeeded?"

"He has, Miss Effingham," replied Everard Morrison, lowering his voice; "he has made his way out of the prison, and is now within a hundred yards of this house."

Lucy sunk back in her chair and grasped the edge of the table, as if to prevent her from falling to the ground, so greatly was she agitated by contending feelings, fear, apprehension, anxiety, and joy.

"I beg pardon," continued Morrison, "at being obliged to agitate you in this manner."

But Sir Charles cannot, without seeing you once more, quit this country, which it is necessary for him to do for a time, till the other two persons whom I have spoken of are placed in safety. He dare not come into the house, as any one of your servants seeing him, would lead to his being traced, and to the discovery of the road he has taken, which I have used every precaution to conceal. But if you would venture to pass through the conservatory into the shrubbery walk beyond, you will find him there waiting for you. He has two or three times tried to make you hear through the conservatory, but finding it vain, I ventured to come in myself."

"I will go directly," cried Lucy, starting up, "I will go directly;" and she turned towards the conservatory door without the slightest hesitation.

"I will remain here," said Morrison, "in case any of the servants should come in; but pray, Miss Effingham, beseech Sir Charles to be quick, and to remember that the boat is waiting."

Lucy paused for a moment, to say,

"I expect my mother to return every minute. But you may tell her all, Mr. Morrison."

Thus saying she left him, and entering the conservatory, unlocked the door that led out into the shrubbery, and walked on. Ere she had taken ten steps, however, she heard the laurels rustle a little before her, and her heart beat so dreadfully, that she feared she would have fallen to the ground. In another moment, however, the arms of Charles Tyrrell were round her, and while she wept profusely with the tears of many mingled emotions, he pressed her again and again to his heart, with feelings of unmixed joy.

"My Lucy, my dear, my beloved," he cried, "do I—do I see you once more?"

Lucy dried her eyes, and gazed up in his face by the moonlight.

"You are very pale, and very haggard, Charles," she said. "Oh, what you must have suffered!"

"Suffered, indeed, dear Lucy," he said; "I had not known that the heart of man could endure so much without breaking."

"But you are innocent, Charles," she said, "oh, yes, I am sure you are innocent. Yet tell me so. Oh, yes, tell me so, and set my heart quite at rest!"

"Have you doubted it Lucy?" exclaimed Charles, in a reproachful tone; "do you doubt it, Lucy?"

She lifted her deep blue eyes to his face, and gazed at him tenderly, confidingly, but thoughtfully; while he bent down his eyes upon her with a look of deep and earnest affection, yet characterized by the strong emotions of the moment, and by some degree of reproachful sadness. But all was clear and noble, and open in that countenance, and Lucy, as she gazed, could not entertain a shadow of a doubt. Feeling that she had in some sense wronged him, though but slightly, she cast her arms around him, and again leaning her fair face upon his bosom, she said,

"No, Charles,—no, no, no! I do not doubt you. I know, I feel that you are innocent."

"As innocent as you are, Lucy," replied Charles Tyrrell. "As I have hope in heaven, Lucy,—as I love you truly and well—as I look for the continuance of your love—and as I place my whole hopes in this life on your affection—I never saw my unfortunate father from the moment that I left him in the library, till the moment I saw him lying dead in the same room."

"I believe you, Charles, from my heart," replied Lucy; "indeed I have never really doubted you. I have indeed asked my heart whether it was possible; and in so doing I have thought of all your impetuosity and your fieryness, Charles. But I have remembered your noble nature, and the restraint I have often seen you put upon yourself; and the reply has still been, 'no, it is impossible.'"

"Hark," said Charles Tyrrell. "There are carriage wheels. That must be your mother, Lucy, returned."

" Oh ! mind not that," said Lucy, " mind not that. I know you ought to go, and yet, I cannot part with you so soon. It is terrible, terrible, Charles, to see you leave me under such circumstances, and after such a brief moment as this. It is very, very terrible, Charles, and who knows when or how I shall see you again."

" Would to God you could go with me," cried Charles Tyrrell, pressing her to his heart. " Oh, Lucy ! Lucy ! what a fancy has come up before my eyes !"

They were both silent for several moments, and through the open door of the conservatory they heard the voices of persons speaking in the drawing-room beyond. Lucy made no reply to what Charles Tyrrell had said. But her hand rested in his, and he thought he felt it clasp upon his somewhat more closely than before, as if within her bosom there were feelings which echoed the wishes and thoughts of his. They heard a step in the conservatory, and she said rapidly,

"I am your promised wife, Charles; and my view of such an engagement is, that I am as much bound to you for ever, as if I had made the promise at the altar which I made in the woods of the park. I can never be any other man's wife, so long as you live. I can never refuse to be your's whenever you ask me to be so. Such have always been my feelings with regard to that engagement. Let that satisfy you. I have duties to fulfil toward my mother, or I would refuse to accompany you nowhere."

Ere she had well concluded these words, there was another figure in the walk besides themselves. It was that of Mrs. Effingham. She came forward toward them with a quick step, and held out both her hands joyfully to Charles Tyrrell.

"Welcome, Charles, welcome," she said, in a low voice. "I am convinced you have done wisely, for I have seen, up at the Park, Mr. ———, the barrister, who says, that, although there is no doubt of your innocence, yet you